

THE
Polite Songster:
A
COLLECTION
OF ABOVE
THREE HUNDRED

Of the most Celebrated
English and Scots SONGS.

In which are included,
All those Sung the last Seasons at
Vauxhall, Marybone, &c. &c.

TOGETHER WITH
Several Choice Pieces, not in any
other Collection.

The **SECOND EDITION.**

L O N D O N,

Printed and Sold by J. ROSS, at Shakespear's
Head, in Middle-Row, Holborn. 1760.

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T H E
P O L I T E S O N G S T E R .

S O N G I . *The Force of Innocence.*

T H E blooming damsel, whose defence
Is adamantine innocence,
Requires no guardian to attend
Her steps, for modesty's her friend :
Tho' her fair arms are weak to wield
The glitt'ring spear, and massy shield :
Yet safe from force and fraud combin'd,
She is an Amazon in mind.

With this artillery she goes,
Not only 'mongst the harmless beaux :
But even unhurt and undismay'd,
Views the long sword and fierce cockade,
Tho' all a syren as she talks,
And all a goddess as she walks,
Yet decency each action guides,
And wisdom o'er her tongue presides.

Place her in Russia's showery plains,
Where a perpetual winter reigns,
The elements may rave and range,
Yet her fix'd mind will never change.
Place her, Ambition, in thy tow'rs,
'Mongst the more dang'rous golden show'rs,
E'en there she'd spurn the venal tribe,
And fold her arms against the bribe.

B

Leave

Leave her defenceless and alone,
 A pris'ner in the torrid zone,
 The sunshine there might vainly vie
 With the bright lustre of her eye ;
 But Phœbus' self, with all his fire,
 Cou'd ne'er one unchaste thought inspire.
 But virtue's path she'd still pursue,
 And still, my fair, wou'd copy you.

SONG 2. *The Maiden's Choice.*

IF ever, oh ! Hymen, I add to thy tribe,
 Let such be my partner my muse shall describe,
 Not in party too high, nor in stature too low,
 Not the least of a clown, nor too much of a beau.

Be his person genteel, and engaging his air,
 His temper still yielding, his soul too sincere,
 But a dupe to his passion 'gainst reason to move,
 But kind to the sweetest in the passion of love.

Let honour, commendable pride in the sex,
 His actions direct, and his principles fix ;
 No groundless suspicion must he ever surmise,
 Nor jealousy read every look in my eyes.

If such a blest youth should approve of my charms,
 And no thought of interest his bosom alarms ;
 Then in wedlock I'll join with a mutual desire,
 And prudence shall cherish the wavering fire.

Thus time shall glide on unperceiv'd in decay,
 Each night shall be blissful, and happy each day ;
 Such a partner, grant heav'n, with my pray'r O
 comply !

Or a maid let me live, and a maid let me die.

S O N G 3.

H A D Neptune, when first he took charge
of the sea,

Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't, if instead of the brine
He'd have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main
For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain !
No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking ;
The fishes ne'er drown that are always a drinking.
The hot thirsty sun then would drive with more
haste,

Secure in the ev'ning of such a repast ;
And when he'd got tipsy would have taken his nap
With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine ;
What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals when blest'd with such rain,
'To fill all our vessels, and fill them again !
Nay, even the beggar that has ne'er a dish
Might jump in the river, and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment in e'ery one's brow,
Hob, as great as a prince, dancing after the plow !
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Altho' they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, who I think don't to drinking incline,
Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine ;

And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we then enjoy'd,
Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd !

A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

S O N G 4.

THE sun in virgin lustre shone,
May morning put its beauties on,
The warblers sung in livelier strain,
And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plain,
And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plain,
When love, a soft intruding guest,
That long had dwelt in Damon's breast,
Now whisper'd, to the nymph away,
For this is nature's holiday,
For this is nature's holiday.

The tender impulse wing'd his haste ;
The painted mead he instant pass'd,
And soon the happy cot he gain'd,
Where beauty slept and silence reign'd,
Where beauty, &c.

Awake, my fair, the shepherd cries,
To new-born pleasure ope thine eyes :
Arise, my Sylvia, hail the May,
For this is nature's holiday,
For this, &c.

Forth came the maid in beauty bright,
As Phœbus in meridian light :
Entranc'd in rapture, all confess'd,
The shepherd clasp'd her to his breast,
The shepherd, &c.

Then

Then gazing with a speaking eye,
 He snatch'd a kiss, and heav'd a sigh;
 A melting sigh, that seem'd to say,
 Consider, youth's our holiday,
 Consider, &c.

Ah! soft she said, for pity's sake;
 What! kiss me e'er I'm well awake!
 For this so early came you here?
 And hail you thus the rising year?
 And hail, &c.

Sweet innocence, oh, cease to chide,
 We'll haste to joy, the swain reply'd;
 In pleasure's flow'ry fields we'll stray,
 And this shall be love's holiday,
 And this, &c.

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek,
 She look'd the thing she dar'd not speak:
 Consent own'd nature's soft command,
 And Damon seiz'd her trembling hand,
 And Damon, &c.
 His dancing heart in transport play'd;
 To church he led the blushing maid,
 Then bless'd the happy morn of May;
 And now their life's all holiday,
 And now, &c.

SONG 5. *Sung by Miss Stevenson at Vauxhall.*

MORE bright the sun began to dawn,
 The merry birds to sing;
 And flowrets dappled o'er the lawn,
 In all the pride of spring.

When for a Wreath young Damon stray'd,
 And smiling to me brought it ;
 Take this he cry'd, my dearest maid,
 And who, aye who'd have thought it.

I blush'd the present to receive,
 And thank'd him o'er and o'er ;
 When soft he sigh'd, bright fair forgive,
 I must have something more ;
 One kind sweet kiss will pay me best,
 So earnestly he sought it ;
 I let him take it I protest,
 And who, aye who'd have thought it.

A swain that woo'd with so much art,
 No nymph could long disdain :
 A secret flame soon touch'd my heart,
 And flush'd thro' every vein.
 'Twas love inspir'd the pleasing change,
 From his my bosom caught it,
 'Twas strange indeed, 'twas passing strange ;
 And who, aye who'd have thought it.

Hark, Hymen calls, the shepherd cry'd,
 Let us my dear comply ;
 We instant went with love our guide,
 And bound the nuptial tie :
 And ever since that happy day,
 As mutual warmth has taught it,
 We fondly kiss, and sport, and play,
 And who, aye who'd have thought it.

SONG 6.

TELL me, lasses, have you seen,
 Lately waud'ring o'er the green,

Beauty's

Beauty's son, a little boy,
 Full of frolic, mirth, and joy ?
 If you know his shelter, say ;
 He's from Venus gone astray.

Tell me, lasses, have you seen,
 Such a one trip o'er the green ?

By his marks the God you'll know :
 O'er his shoulder hangs a bow,
 And a quiver fraught with darts,
 Poison sure to human hearts :
 Tho' he's naked, little, blind,
 He can triumph o'er the mind,

Tell me, &c.

Subtle as the light'ning's wound,
 Is his piercing arrow found :
 While the bosom's heart it pains,
 No external marks remains :
 Reason's shield itself is broke,
 By the unsuspected stroke.

Tell me, &c.

Oft the urchin's seen to lie
 Basking in the sunny eye ;
 Or his destin'd prey he seeks
 On the maiden's rosy cheeks :
 Snowy breasts, or curling hair,
 Oft conceal the pleasing snare.

Tell me, &c.

She that the recess reveals,
 Where the god himself conceals,
 Shall a kiss receive this night,
 From her heart's supreme delight :

To Venus let her bring the boy,
 She shall taste love's sweetest joy.
 Tell me, &c.

S O N G 7.

AT the brow of a hill a fair shepherdes dwelt,
 Who the pangs of ambition or love had ne'er
 felt ;

A few sober maxims still ran in her head,
 That 'twas better to earn e'er she eat her brown
 bread ;

That to rise with the lark was conducive to health,
 And to folks in a cottage contentment was wealth.

Young Roger that liv'd in the valley below,
 Who at church and at market was reckon'd a beau,
 Wou'd oftentimes try o'er her heart to prevail,
 And rest on his pitchfork to tell her his tale ;
 Till his winning behaviour so wrought on her heart,
 That quite artless herself, she suspected no art.

He flatter'd, protested, he kneel'd, and implor'd,
 And wou'd lie with the grandeur and air of a lord ;
 Her eyes he commended with language well dress'd,
 And enlarg'd on the tortures he felt in his breast :
 With his sighs and his tears he so soften'd her mind,
 That in downright compassion to love she inclin'd.

But as soon as he'd melted the ice of her breast,
 The heat of his passion that moment decreas'd ;
 And now he goes flaunting all over the vale,
 And boasts of his conquest to Richard and Hal ;
 Tho' he sees her but seldom, he's always in haste,
 And whenever he mentions her, makes her his jest.

Take

Take heed, ye young virgin's of Britain's fair isle,
 How you venture your hearts for a look or a smile;
 For young Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,
 And you'll find a false Roger in every vale,
 Who to court you, and tempt you, will try all their
 skill;
 But remember the las at the brow of the hill.

SONG 8. *Advice to the Ladies.*

Forgive, ye fair, nor take take it wrong,
 If ought too much I do:
 Permit me, while I give my song,
 To give a lesson too,
 To give, &c.
 Let modesty, that heav'n-born maid,
 Your words and actions grace:
 'Tis this, and only this, can add
 New lustre to your face,
 New lustre, &c.
 'Tis this which paints the virgin's cheeks,
 Beyond the pow'r of art;
 And ev'ry real blush bespeaks
 The goodness of the heart.
 This index of the virtuous mind
 Your lovers will adore;
 'Tis this will leave a charm behind,
 When bloom can charm no more.
 Inspir'd by this, to idle men
 With nice reserve behave;
 And learn by distance to maintain
 The pow'r your beauty gave:

For

For this, when beauty must decay,
 Your empire will protect :
 The wanton pleases for a day,
 But ne'er creates respect.

With this their silly jests reprove,
 When coxcombs dare intrude ;
 Nor think the man is worth your love,
 Who ventures to be rude.
 Your charms when cheap will ever pall,
 They sully with a touch ;
 And tho' you mean to grant not all,
 You often grant too much.

But patient let each virtuous fair
 Expect the gen'rous youth,
 Whom heav'n has doom'd her heart to share,
 And bless'd with love and truth ;
 For him alone preserve her hand,
 And wait the happy day,
 When he with justice can command,
 And she with joy obey.

S O N G 9.

LONG, long I despair'd a young shepherd to
 find,
 Nor proud of his merit, nor false as the wind ;
 But at last I have got a dear lad to my mind ;
 Oh ! I never can part with my Willy :
 We hied to the altar last Midsummer's day ;
 I blush'd all the while, and scarce knew what to say ;
 But I vow'd (I remember) to love and obey ;
 Can I do any less by my Willy ?

Hjs

His breath is as fragrant as fresh-morning air ;
 His face than the rose is more ruddy I swear ;
 And his kisses so sweet,—oh, beyond all compare !

There is not such a lad as my Willy.

With him none pretends or to pipe or to play,
 But what tender soft things does the shepherd not
 say ?

With ease, I am sure, he might steal hearts away :
 But I'll never distrust thee, dear Willy.

When I droop'd all in pain, and hung down my
 head,

How kindly he watch'd me ! what tears did he shed !
 He ne'er left me a moment till sickness was fled :

Can I ever forget thee, dear Willy ?

Should death from my sight tear the shepherd so true,
 Let him take (if he chooses) then me away too ;
 For why should I tarry, or what should I do,
 Should I lose such a lad as my Willy.

S O N G 10.

A Lexis, a pretty young swain,
 To court me comes many a mile ;
 I bid him make haste back again,

Tho' I wish him to stay a great while ;

With all by which love is express'd,

He studies my heart to beguile ;

I wish him success I protest,

But I tell him he'll wait a great while.

He brought me a nosegay to day,

And vow'd 'twas more pleasure than toil,

I took it I safely can say,

And I let him not ask a great while ;

He

He begg'd me to grant him a kiss,
 So earnest he made me to smile,
 Have done, I cry'd; fie, 'tis amiss,
 But I wish'd it to last a great while.
 He tells me I ought to be kind,
 That time all my beauties will foil,
 I cross him tho' quite of his mind,
 For I love him to talk a great while;
 I think such sweet things he has said,
 My coyness at last he will spoil;
 And when he once asks me to wed,
 Oh! I'll not live a maid a great while.

S O N G 11.

GO, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
 How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envy'd place
 With never-fading love;
 There Phoenix-like, beneath her eye
 Involv'd in fragrance burn and die!
 Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant roses there;
 I see thy withering head reclin'd
 With envy and despair.
 One common fate we both must prove,
 You die with envy, I with love.

S O N G 12.

BY dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
 The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
 What has night to do with sleep?

Night

Night has better sweets to prove ;
 Venus now wakes, and wakens love :
 Come, let us our rites begin,
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

S O N G 13. *Collin and Phœbe.*

He.

BE still, O ye winds, and attentive ye swains,
 'Tis Phœbe invites and replies to my strains :
 The sun never rose on, search all the world thro',
 A shepherd so blest, or a fair one so true,
 A shepherd so blest, &c.

She.

[throng,

Glide softly ye streams, O ye nymphs round me
 'Tis Collin commands, and enlivens my song ;
 Search all the world over, you never can find
 A maiden so blest, or a shepherd so kind.

CHORUS.

'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year,
 The sweetest of blessings that life can endear ;
 Our pleasures it heightens, drives sorrow away,
 Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

He.

With Phœbe beside me, all nature looks gay,
 And winter's bleak months are as pleasant as May ;
 The summer's gay verdure, still springs as she treads,
 And linnets and nightingales sing thro' the meads.

She.

When Collin is absent, 'tis winter all round,
 How faint is the sunshine, how barren the ground !
 Instead of the linnet's and nightingale's song,
 I hear the hoarse raven croak all the day long.

C

CHORUS.

CHORUS. 'Tis love, &c.

He.

O'er hill, dale, and valley, my Phœbe and I
Together will wander, and love shall be by :
Her Collin shall guard her safe all the long day,
And Phœbe at night all his pains shall repay.

She.

By moonlight, when shadows glide over the plain,
His kisses shall cheer me, his arms shall sustain ;
The dark-haunted grove I can trace without fear,
And sleep in a church-yard if Collin is near.

CHORUS. 'Tis love, &c.

He.

Ye shepherds that wanton it over the plain,
How fleeting your transports ! how lasting your pain !
Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind she,
And learn to be happy from Phœbe and me.

She.

Ye nymphs who the pleasure of love never try'd,
Attend to my strains, and take me for your guide ;
Your hearts keep from pride, and inconstancy free,
And learn to be happy from Collin and me.

CHORUS. 'Tis love, &c.

S O N G 14.

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth that fondly fits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;

For

For while I gaz'd, in transports tost,
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost !
 My bosom glow'd, the subtle flame
 Ran quick, thro' all my vital frame ;
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.
 In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd ;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play ;
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

SONG 15.

SICK of the town, at once I flew
 To Contemplation's rural seat ;
 Adieu, said I, vain world, adieu,
 Fools only study to be great :
 The book, the lamp, the hermit's cell,
 The moss-grown roof, and matted floor,
 All these I had,—'twas mighty well,
 But yet I wanted something more.
 Back to the busy world again
 I soon return'd, in hopes to find
 Ease for imaginary pain,
 Quiet of heart and peace of mind :
 Gay scenes of grandeur ev'ry hour,
 By turns my sickle fancy fill ;
 The world seem'd all within my pow'r,
 But yet I wanted something still.
 Cities and groves by turns were try'd,
 'Twas all, ye fair, an idle tale ;
 Cælia at length became a bride,
 A bride to Damon of the vale :

All nature smil'd, the gloom was cheer'd,
 Damon was kind, I can't tell how,
 Each place a paradise appear'd,
 And Cælia wanted nothing now.

S O N G 16.

Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by,
 His doctrine is deceiving;
 For whilst he teaches us to die,
 He cheats us of our living.
 To die's a lesson we shall know
 Too soon without a master;
 Then let us only study now
 How we may live the faster.
 To live's to love, to bless, be blest
 With mutual inclination;
 Share then my ardour in your breast,
 And kindly meet my passion.
 But if thus blest'd I may not live,
 And pity you deny,
 To me at least your Sherlock give,
 'Tis I must learn to die.

S O N G 17.

TH E las of Pattie's mill,
 So bonny, blythe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away :
 When tending of the hay
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een,

Her

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn.

To age it would give youth
To press them with his hand :

Thro' all my spirits ran
An extasy of blifs,
When I such sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs that grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd ;
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh ! had I all the wealth
Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasure at my will ;
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Pattie's mill,
Shou'd share the same with me.

S O N G 18.

STREPHON.

HA V E you not seen the morning sun
Peep over yonder hill ?
Then have you seen my Chloe's charms
At best but painted ill.

COLLIN.

Have you not seen a butterfly,
With colours bright and gay ?
Then have you seen a thing less fine
Than Molly cloath'd in grey.

STREPHON.

'The rose, you'll say, of all the field
Can boast the loveliest hue ;
But to compare with Chloe's cheeks,
It wants the lilly too..
As I sat by her on the plain,
And talk'd the hours away,
She breath'd so sweet, I thought myself
In fields of new-mow'd hay.

COLLIN.

Not the sweet fragrance breath'd from cows
With Molly can compare ;
And when she sings, the list'ning swains
Stand silent round to hear.
She said, as she was walking once
Along the shady grove,
'There's none but Collin Molly loves,
And will for ever love.

STREPHON.

Believe not, friend, a woman's word,
Or you are much to blame ;
For t'other night, behind the elms,
She swore to me the same.

COLLIN.

Yet I'll believe your Chloe's word,
As on my breast she laid ;
'This Strephon is so dull a clown,
He'll think me still a maid.

SONG

SONG 19. *The Entreaty.*

CHloe, be wise, no more perplex me,
Slight not my love at such a rate ;
Should I your scorn return, 'twill vex you,
Love, much abus'd, will turn to hate.

How can so lovely fair a creature,
Put on the looks of cold disdain ?
Women were first design'd by nature
To give a pleasure, not a pain.

Kindness creates a flame that's lasting,
When other charms are fled away ;
Think then the time we now are wasting,
Throw off those frowns, and love obey.

SONG 20. *Robin's Complaint.*

DID ever swain a nymph adore,
As I ungrateful Nanny do ?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,
Or ever broken heart so true ?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears ; but she
Has never wet a cheek for me.

If Nanny call'd, did e'er I stay ?
Or linger, when she bid me run ?
She only had the word to say,
And all she wish'd was quickly done.
I always think of her ; but she
Does near bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of day ?
Did ever Nanny's heifers fast,
If Robin in his barn had hay ?

Tho'

Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nanny lost a sheep,

I cheerfully did give her two;
And I her lambs did safely keep,

Within my folds in frost and snow:
Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home;
Her corn I carry'd to the mill:
My back did bear the sack; but she
Will never bear the sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave;
I'm sure, they always had the best:
Within this week her pigeons have
Eat up a peck of peas, at least.
Her little pigeons kifs; but she
Will never take a kifs from me.

Must Robin always Nanny wooe,
And Nanny still on Robin frown?
Alas, poor wretch! what shall I do,
If Nanny does not love me soon?
If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron-string.

SONG 21. *The Lucky Minute.*

AS Chloris, full of harmless thought,
Beneath a willow lay,
Kind Love a youthful shepherd brought,
To pass the time away.

She

She blush'd to be encounter'd so,
 And chid the am'rous swain;
 But, as she strove to rise and go,
 He pull'd her down again.

A sudden passion seiz'd her heart,
 In spite of her disdain;
 She felt a pulse in ev'ry part,
 And love in ev'ry vein.

Oh youth! said she, what charms are these,
 That conquer and surprize?
 Oh! let me—for, unless you please,
 I have no pow'r to rise.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
 For fear he should comply;
 Her lovely eyes her heart betray,
 And gave her tongue the lie.

Thus she, who princes had derry'd,
 With all their pomp and train,
 Was in the lucky minute try'd,
 And yielded to the swain.

SONG 22. *A Pastoral. Set by Mr. Arne.*

WHY will you my passion reprove,
 Why term it a folly to grieve,
 Ere I tell you the charms of my love?
 She's fairer than you can believe,
 She's fairer, &c.

With her mien she enamours the brave;
 With her wit she engages the free;
 With her modesty pleases the grave:
 She's every way pleasing to me.

When

When Paridel tries in the dance,
 Some Favour with Phillis to find,
 Oh ! how with one trivial glance
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind !
 In ringlets he dresses his hair,
 And his crook is bestudded around ;
 And his pipe—oh ! may Phillis beware
 Of a magic there is in its sound.
 Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
 So Phillis the trophy despise :
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
 So they shine not in Phillis's eyes.
 The language that flows from the heart,
 Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue ;
 Yet may she beware of his Art,
 Or sure I must envy the song.

SONG 23. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

Young Jockey, who teaz'd me a twelve-month
 or more

Now bolder is grown than was mortal before ;
 He whispers such things as no virgin should hear,
 And he presses my lips with a warmth I can't bear.
 And he presses my lips, &c.

With stories of love he would soften my mind,
 And his eyes speak a temper to mischief inclin'd ;
 But I vow not a moment I'll trust him alone,
 And when next he grows rude I will bid him begone.

Of honour and truth not a word has he spoke,
 And his actions declare he thinks virtue a joke ;
 He

He shall find his mistake, if he ventures to try ;
For, than yield on such terms, oh! I rather would die.

With no creature beside he such freedom dare take:
Yet the handsome and witty he quits for my sake:
But how can I think that he loves me the best,
Or how can I love him who'd break all my rest?

Oh! Jockey, reform, nor be foolish again,
Lest you lose a fond heart you shall never regain :
If you change your behaviour, and to church chuse
to go,
I'll forgive all that's past, and will never say no.

SONG 24. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

TO take in good part the squeeze of the hand,
That language of lovers who dare not demand,

And when with another as close and as dear,
You've made him believe his happiness near ;
You've made him believe his happiness near ;
Then to tell him a tale, then to tell him a tale,
Then to tell him a tale of a cock and a bull,
That you meant no such thing, but was playing the fool.

That you meant no such thing, &c.

The tread on the toe to admit and be free,
And strait to reply with the toe repartee ;
To express with your eyes your inward desires,
And thus with full hope to kindle love's fires ;
Then to tell him a tale, &c.

When he wants to disclose what he dares not reveal ;
When he looks very silly and means a great deal ;
When

When he thinks (if e'er thinking should enter his
brain)

You'll now grant his wish, the ease of his pain;

Then to tell him a tale, &c.

To let him, enraptur'd, proceed on to bliss;

To suffer the snatch or the theft of a kiss;

When coyness retreating unwillingly flies;

When sighs answer murmurs, and eyes talk to eyes;

Then to tell him a tale, &c.

S O N G 25. To Delia.

SOFT pleasing pains, unknown before,
My beating bosom feels,

When I behold the blissful bow'r,

Where dearest *Delia* dwells.

That way I daily drive my flock;

Ah! happy, happy vale!

There look and wish; and while I look

My sighs increase the gale.

My sighs increase the gale.

Sometimes at midnight I do stray,

Beneath inclement skies,

And there my true devotion pay,

To *Delia's* sleep-seal'd eyes:

So pious pilgrims nightly roam,

With tedious travel faint,

To kiss alone the clay-cold tomb,

Of some lov'd fav'rite saint.

O tell, ye shades that sold my fair,

And all my bliss contain,

Ah! why should ye those blessings shew,

For which I sigh in vain:

But

But let me not at fate repine,
 And thus my griefs impart ;
 She's not your tenant ; — she is not mine ;
 Her mansion is my heart.

SONG 26. *On the Marriage-Act.*

THE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride ;
 For riches, like fig-leaves, their nakedness
 hide :

The slave that is poor must starve all his life,
 In a bachelor's bed, without mistress or wife.
 In good days of yore, they ne'er troubled their heads
 In settling of jointures, or making of deeds ;
 But Adam and Eve when they first enter'd the course,
 E'en took one another, for better, for worse.

Then prythee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great ;
 Let love be thy jointure ; ne'er mind an estate :
 You can never be poor, who enjoy all those charms,
 And I shall be rich, when I've you in my arms.

SONG 27. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

ASSIST me, all ye tuneful nine,
 With numbers soft and witty ;
 To Bessy I inscribe the line ;
 Then raise my humble ditty :
 To Bessy, &c.

Catch, catch, ye groves, the am'rous song ;
 And, as ye waft the sound along,
 Attend, ye list'ning sylvan throng,
 To praise my charming Bessy,
 My lovely charming Bessy.

Let others sing the cruel fair,
 Who glories in undoing,
 And proudly bids the wretch despair,
 Rejoicing in his ruin.

Such haughty tyrants I detest;
 And let me scorn them, while I rest
 Upon thy gently-swelling breast,
 My lovely charming Bessy.

The rose I'll pluck, to deck her head,
 The vi'let, and the pansy;
 The cowslip too shall quit the mead,
 To aid my am'rous fancy:

Ye fragrant sisters of the spring,
 Who shed your sweets on Zephyr's wing,
 Around my fair your odours fling,
 Around my charming Bessy.

When ev'ning dapples o'er the skies,
 The sun no longer burning,
 Methinks I see before my eyes
 Thy well-known form returning.
 O'er hill or dale, by wood or stream,
 Thou art alone my constant theme,
 My waking wish, my morning dream,
 Thou lovely charming Bessy.

S O N G 28.

MY Florio, wildest of his sex,
 (Who sure the veriest saint would vex)
 From beauty roves to beauty;
 Yet, tho' abroad the wanton roam,
 Whene'er he deigns to stay at home,
 He always minds his duty.

Some

Something to every charming she,
 In thoughtless prodigality,
 He's granting still and granting,
 To Phyllis that, to Chloe this,
 And every madam, every miss;
 Yet I find nothing wanting.

If haply I his will displease,
 Tempestuous as the autumnal seas
 He foams and rages ever;
 But when he ceases from his ire,
 I cry, such spirit, and such fire,
 Is surely wond'rous clever.

I ne'er want reason to complain;
 But sweet is pleasure after pain,
 And every joy grows greater.
 Then trust me, damsels, whilst I tell,
 I should not like him half so well,
 If I cou'd make him better.

SONG 29.

NO more of my Harriot, of Polly no more,
 Nor all the bright beauties that charm'd
 me before;

My heart for a slave to gay Venus I've sold,
 And barter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold:
 I'll throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks,
 And will sing to my lass with the golden locks.

Tho' o'er her white forehead the gilt tresses flow,
 Like the rays of the sun on a hillock of snow;
 Such painters of old drew the queen of the fair,
 'Tis the taste of the ancients, 'tis classical hair:

And tho' wittlings may scoff, and tho' raillery mocks,
Yet I'll sing to my lass with the golden locks.

To live and to love, to converse and be free,
Is loving, my charmer, and living with thee;
Away go the hours in kisses and rhyme,
Spite of all the grave lectures of old father Time;
A fig for his dials, his watches and clocks,
He's best spent with the lass of the golden locks.

Than the swan in the brook she's more dear to my
sight,

Her mien is more stately, her breast is more white,
Her sweet lips are rubies, all rubies above,
Which are fit for the language, or labour of love;
At the park in the mall, at the play in the box,
My lass bears the bell with her golden locks.

Her beautiful eyes, as they roll or they flow,
Shall be glad for my joy, or shall weep for my woe;
She shall ease my fond heart, and shall sooth my
soft pain,

While thousands of rivals are fighting in vain;
Let them rail at the fruit they can't reach, like the
While I have the lass with the golden locks. [for

S O N G 30.

I Wish and long for that which I,
By custom forc'd, must needs deny,
By custom forc'd, must needs deny;

How hard's a virgin's fate!

To frown, Alexis, I am bid,
And if I smile, am snubb'd and chid,
And if I smile, am snubb'd and chid;
Who'd live at such a rate?

Since

Since the prevailing pow'rs above,
 And Cupid, the kind god of love,
 Decreed us for each other :
 Let Hymen light his torch, I dare
 Be thine without a blush or fear,
 To imitate my mother.

SONG 31. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

WELL met, pretty nymph, says a jolly
 young swain,
 To a beautiful shepherdess crossing the plain ;
 Why so much in haste? (now the month it was May)
 Shall I venture to ask you, fair maiden, which way?
 Then strait to this question the nymph did reply,
 (With a smile on her look and a leer in her eye)
 I am come from the village, and homeward I go--
 And now, gentle shepherd, pray why would you
 know?

I hope, pretty maid, you won't take it amiss
 If I tell the reason of asking you this ;
 I would see you safe home, (the swain was in love)
 Of such a companion if you would approve :
 Your offer, kind shepherd, is civil, I own,
 But see no great danger in going alone ;
 Nor yet can I hinder, the road being free,
 For one as another ; for you, or for me.

No danger in going alone it is true,
 But yet a companion is pleasanter too :
 And if you could like (now the swain he took heart)
 Such a sweetheart as me, we never would part :
 Oh! that's a long word, said the shepherdess then ;
 I've often heard say, there's no minding you men ;

You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter, 'tis true;
Then leave a young maiden the first thing you do.

Oh! judge not so harshly, the shepherd reply'd,
To prove what I say, I will make you my bride;
To-morrow the parson (well said little swain)
Shall join both our hands, and make one of us twain.
Now what the nymph answer'd to this is not said;
The very next morn to be sure they were wed:
Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down,
O! when shall we see such a wedding in town.

SONG 32. *The Bonny Broom.*

HOW blythe was I each morn, to see
My swain come o'er the hill,
He leap'd the brook, and flew to me,
I met him with good will:

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
When his flocks ne'er me lay;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me all the day.

O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
Where lost was my repose:
I wish I was with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
The birds sat list'ning by;
The fleecy sheep stood still and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody:
While thus we spent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' e'er so rich and gay.

O the broom, &c.

He

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
 Could I but faithful be ;
 He stole my heart, could I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?
 Hard fate that I must banish'd be,
 Gave heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
 O the broom, &c.

SONG 33. *The Inconstant.*

FAIR, soft, and gay, and young,
 All charms ! she play'd, she danc'd, she sung ;
 There was no way to 'scape the dart,
 No care could guard a lover's heart.
 Ah why, cry'd I, and dropt a tear,
 (Adoring, yet despairing e'er
 To have her to myself alone)
 Was so much sweetness made for one ?
 But growing bolder, in her ear
 I in soft numbers told my care ;
 She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,
 And seem'd to glow with equal heat ;
 Like heav'n, too mighty to express,
 My joys could be but known by guess :
 Ah fool, said I, what have I done !
 To wish her made for more than one.
 But long I had not been in view,
 Before her eyes their beams withdrew ;
 E'er I had reckon'd half her charms,
 She sunk into another's arms.
 But she that once could faithless be,
 Will favour him no more than me ;

He

He too will find himself undone,
And that she was not made for one.

SONG 34. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

THY fatal shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altars, Love !
I feel thy soft resistless flame
Glide swift thro' all my vital frame.
I feel thy soft, &c.

For while I gaze my bosom glows,
My blood, in tides, impetuous flows ;
Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,
And floods of transports overwhelm my soul.

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain
In soothing murmurs to complain ;
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear ;
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpity'd die.

SONG 35.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does
adorn,
How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn !
When the antled stag is rous'd with the sound,
Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground ;
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain :
But still we pursue,
And now come in view
Of the glorious game.

Oh !

Oh! see, how again he rears up his head,
 And winged with fear, he redoubles his speed.
 But, ah! 'tis in vain! 'tis in vain that he flies,
 His eyes lose the huntsman; his ears lose the cries;
 For now his strength fails him, he heavily tries,
 And he pants——pants——
 Till with well-scenting hounds surrounded he dies.
 Tantaran——Tantaran——he dies.

S O N G 36.

THE silver rain, the pearly dew,
 The gales that sweep along the mead,
 The soften'd rocks once sorrow knew,
 And marbles have found tears to shed:
 The sighing trees, in every grove,
 Have pity, if they have not love.
 Shall things inanimate be kind,
 And every soft sensation know;
 The weeping rain, and sighing wind,
 All, all, but thee, some mercy show.
 Ah, pity, if you scorn't approve,
 Have pity, if thou hast not love.

S O N G 37. *The Bashful Lover.*

WHILST I gaze on Chloe trembling,
 Strait her eyes my fate declare:
 When she smiles, I fear dissembling;
 When she frowns I then despair.
 Jealous of some rival lover,
 If a wand'ring look she give,
 Fain I would resolve to leave her,
 But can sooner cease to live.

Why

Why should I conceal my passion,
Or the torments I endure ?

I'll disclose my inclination ;

Awful distance yields no cure.

Sure it is not in her nature

To be cruel to her slave ;

She is too divine a creature,

To destroy what she can save.

Happy's he whose inclination

Warms but with a gentle heat,

Never mounts to raging passion ;

Love's a torment, if too great.

When the storm is once blown over,

Soon the ocean quiet grows ;

But a constant faithful lover

Seldom meets with true repose.

S O N G 38.

TO heave her white bosom, and roll her black
eye,

At each sprightly shepherd that ever past by,

Myrtilia had learnt it by art :

Yet chaste was her soul, and no harm she design'd,

While gayness of youth to such frolics inclin'd,

That spoke her a wanton at heart.

Each swain of the village, by turns, made address ;

She flatter'd them more, while she loved them less,

Till Damon once dropt in her way :

The first dart of love was shot full from his eyes ;

It enter'd her heart ; and no more could disguise

Prevent her from falling his prey.

Her

Her bosom, that often had panted in sport,
 With tremors was struck of an uncommon sort;
 Good-nature smil'd over her brow :
 For modesty always to merit will yield ;
 While folly by truth shall be chac'd from the field ;
 And virgins this lesson should know.

S O N G 39.

WELL met Dorinda, why so gay,
 With such embroid'ry, fringe, and lace ?
 Can gaudy dresses find a way
 To stop th' approaches of decay,
 And mend a ruin'd face ?
 Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,
 And ogle in the ring ?
 Can'st thou forget thy age and pox ?
 Can all that shines on shells and rocks
 Make thee a fine young thing ?
 So have I seen in larder dark
 Of veal a lucid loin,
 Replete with many a brilliant spark,
 As wise philosophers remark,
 At once both stink and shine.

S O N G 40. *The Distressed Damsel.*

OF all my experience how vast the amount,
 Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count !
 Was ever a damsel so sadly betray'd,
 To live to these years, and yet still be a maid ?
 Ye heroes triumphant, by land and by sea,
 Sworn vot'ries to love, but unmindful of me ;

You

You can form a strong fort, or can form a blockade,
Yet ye stand by, like dastards, and see me a maid.

Ye lawyers so just, who with slippery tongue,
Can do what you please, or with right, or with wrong,
Can it be, or by law or by equity said,
That a buxom young girl ought to die an old maid?

Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill
Can save, or demolish, can cure, or can kill,
To a poor, forlorn damsel contribute your aid,
Who is sick—very sick—of remaining a maid.

Ye fops, I invoke, not to list to my song,
Who answer no end—and to no sex belong;
Ye echoes of echoes, and shadows of shade—
For if I had you—I might still be a maid.

SONG 41.

FROM sweet bewitching tricks of love
Young men your hearts secure,
Lest from the Paths of sense you rove,

In dotage premature,
Look at each lass thro' wisdom's glass,
Nor trust the naked eye:

Gallants beware, look sharp, take care,
The blind eat many a fly,
The blind eat many a fly.

Not only on their hands and necks,
The borrow'd white you'll find:

Some belles, when interest directs,
Can even paint the mind, &c.

Joy in distress they can express,
Their very tears can lye:

Gallants beware, &c.

There's

There's not a spinster in the realm
 But all mankind can cheat,
 Down to the cottage from the helm,
 The learn'd, the brave, the great, &c.
 With lovely looks, and golden hooks,
 T' intangle us they try :
 Gallants beware, &c.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
 Was earth of parchment made ;
 Was ev'ry single stick a quill,
 Each man a scribe by trade, &c.
 To write the tricks of half the sex
 Would suck that ocean dry :
 Gallants beware, &c.

S O N G 42.

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
 How brisk the nymphs, the swains how gay!
 Content inspir'd each rural lay :
 The birds in livelier concert sung,
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung!
 All look'd as joy could never fail,
 Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

But since the good Palæmon died,
 The chief of shepherds, and their pride,
 Now Arno's sons must all give place
 To northern men an iron race :
 The taste of pleasure now is o'er,
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more ;
 The muses droop, the Goths prevail ;
 Adieu the sweets of Arno's vale,

SONG 43.

LOVE's a gentle gen'rous passion,
 Source of all sublime delights,
 Which with mutual inclination
 Two fond hearts in one unites,
 Two fond hearts, &c.

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
 If compar'd with true content?
 That false joy which now bewitches
 When obtain'd we may repent.

Lawless passion brings vexation,
 But a chaste and constant love
 Is a glorious emulation
 Of the blissful state above.

SONG 44.

MY time, O ye muses! was happily spent,
 When Phebe went with me wherever I went;
 Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast:
 Sure, never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
 But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
 What a marvellous change on a sudden I find?
 When things were as fine as could possibly be,
 I thought 'twas the spring; but alas! it was she.
 With such a companion, to tend a few sheep,
 To rise up and play, or to lay down and sleep,
 I was so good-humour'd, so chearful and gay,
 My heart was as light as a feather all day.
 But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
 So strangely uneasy as never was known;

My

My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a
pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phebe was there
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear :
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide :
Must you be so chearful, while I go in pain ?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me com-
plain.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes
play,

And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
How pleasant their sporting, how happy the time,
When spring, love, and beauty were all in their
prime ?

But now in their frolics when by me they pass,
I sling at their fleeces an handful of gra's ;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well-pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me ;
And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
“ Come hither, poor fellow ;” and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry, Sirrah ; and give him a blow with my crook :
And I'll give him another, for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phebe's away ?

When walking with Phebe, what sights have I seen ?
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green ?

What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
 The corn-fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing made?
 But since she has left me, tho' all are still here,
 They none of 'em now so delightful appear :
 'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes
 Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood thro',
 The lark, linnet, thrush, and nightingale too ;
 Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
 And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
 But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
 The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone :
 Her voice in the consort, as now I have found,
 Gave every thing else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue ?
 And where is the violet's beautiful blue ?
 Does ought of its sweetness the blossom beguile ?
 That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile ?
 Ah ! rivals, I see what it was that you dress'd
 And made yourselves fine for a place in her breast:
 You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
 To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly time creeps, 'till my Phebe return ?
 While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool breezes I burn;
 Methinks, if I knew where-about he would tread,
 I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt
 down the lead.

Fly swiftly, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
 And rest so much longer for't, when she is here.
 Ah, Collin ! old time is full of delay,
 Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou can'st say.

Will

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
 Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain ?
 To be cur'd, thou must, Collin, thy passion remove;
 But what swain is so silly to live without love ?
 No, Deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
 For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
 Ah ! what shall I do ? I shall die with despair,
 Take heed, all ye swains, how you love one so fair.

SONG 45.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the damask rose ;
 Soft as the down of turtle-dove,

Gentle as air when Zephyr blows ;
 Refreshing as descending rains

To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,

Or as the dial to the sun ;

Constant as gliding waters roll,

Whose swelling tides obey the moon ;

From ev'ry other charmer free,

My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,

The dam the tender kid pursues :

Sweet Philomel in shady bow'rs

Of verdant spring her notes renews :

All follow what they most admire ,

As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,

And vary as the seasons rise ;

As winter to the spring gives place,

Summer th' approach of autumn flies :

No change in love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring Time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;
Ev'n marble tow'rs and walls of brass,
In his rude march he levels low :
But Time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide,

Death only, with his cruel dart,
The gentle Godhead can remove,
And drive him from the bleeding heart,
To mingle with the blest'd above ;
Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the Soul,
Twin-born, from heav'n together came :
Love will the universe controul,
When dying seasons lose their name :
Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
When Time and Death shall be no more.

S O N G 46. *The Midsummer Wish.*

WAFT me, some soft and cooling breeze,
To Windsor's shady, kind retreat ;
Where sylvan scenes, wide-spreading trees,
Repel the raging dog-star's heat ;
Where tufted grass, and mossy beds,
Afford a rural calm repose ;
Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by,
 Along the smiling valley plays ;
 His glassy surface chears the eye,
 And thro' the flow'ry meadows strays :
 His fertile banks, with herbage green,
 His vales with smiling plenty swell ;
 Where'er his purer stream is seen,
 The gods of health and pleasure dwell.
 Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave,
 With naked arm once more divide ;
 In thee my glowing bosom lave,
 And stem thy gently-rolling tide.
 Lay me, with damask roses crown'd,
 Beneath some o'er's dusky shade ;
 Where water-lilies paint the ground,
 And bubbling springs refresh the glade.
 Let chaste Clarinda too be there,
 With azure mantle lightly drest ;
 Ye Nymphs, bind up her silken hair,
 Ye Zephyrs, fan her panting breast.
 O haste away, fair maid, and bring
 The Muse, the kindly friend to love ;
 To thee alone the Muse shall sing,
 And warble thro' the vocal grove.

S O N G 47.

Welcome, welcome, brother debtor,
 To this poor but merry place,
 Where no bailiff, dunn, nor setter,
 Dares to shew his frightful face :
 But, kind sir, as you're a stranger,
 Down your garnish you must lay,

Or

Or your coat will be in danger ;
 You must either strip or pay.
 Ne'er repine at your confinement
 From your children or your wife ;
 Wisdom lies in true resignation
 Thro' the various scenes of life.
 Scorn to shew the least resentment,
 Tho' beneath the frowns of fate ;
 Knaves and beggars find contentment,
 Fears and cares attend the great.
 Tho' our creditors are spiteful,
 And restrain our bodies here,
 Use will make a goal delightful,
 Since there's nothing else to fear.
 Ev'ry island's but a prison,
 Strongly guarded by the sea ;
 Kings and princes, for that reason,
 Pris'ners are as well as we.
 What was it made great Alexander,
 Weep at his unfriendly fate ?
 'Twas because he could not wander
 Beyond this world's strong prison-gate :
 For the world is also bounded
 By the heav'ns and stars above ;
 Why shou'd we then be confounded,
 Since there's nothing free but Jove ?

S O N G 48.

WHAT beauteous scenes enchant my sight
 How closely yonder vine
 Does round that elm's supporting height
 Her wanton ringlets twine !

That

That elm, no more a barren shade,
 Is with her clusters crown'd ;
 And that fair vine, without its aid,
 Had crept along the ground.

Let this, my fair one, move thy heart,
 Connubial joys to prove :

But mark what care and age impart,
 Nor thoughtless rush on love.

Know thy own blifs, and joy to hear
 Vertumnus loves thy charms,

The youthful God that rules the year,
 And keeps the groves from harms.

While some with short-liv'd passion glow,
 His love remains the same ;

On him alone thy heart bestow,
 And crown his constant flame :

So shall no frost's untimely pow'r
 Deform thy blooming spring :

So shall thy trees, from blasts secure,
 Their wonted tribute bring.

S O N G 49.

BEhold the sweet flowers around,
 With all the bright beauties they wear ;
 Yet none on the plains can be found

So lovely, so lovely as Cælia is fair,
 So lovely as Cælia is fair.

Ye warblers come raise your sweet throats,
 No longer in silence remain ;

O lend a fond lover your notes,
 To soften, to soften my Cælia's disdain,
 To soften my Cælia's disdain.

Of.

Oft-times in yon flowery vale
 I breathe my complaints in a song ;
 Fair Flora attends the sad tale,
 And sweetens, and sweetens the borders along,
 And sweetens the borders along.
 But Cælia, whose breath might perfume
 The bosom of Flora in May,
 Still frowning pronounces my doom,
 Regardless, regardless of all I can say,
 Regardless of all I can say.

S O N G 50.

BLOW, ye bleak winds around my head,
 And soothe my heart-corroding care :
 Flash round my brows ye lightnings red,
 And blast the laurels planted there :
 But may the maid where'er she be,
 Think not of my distress nor me,
 Think not of my distress nor me.
 Let all the traces of our love
 Be ever blotted from her mind ;
 May from her breast my vows remove,
 And no remembrance leave behind ;
 But may the maid, &c.
 O may I ne'er behold her more,
 For she has robb'd my soul of rest !
 Wisdom's assistance is too poor,
 To calm the tempest in my breast :
 But may the maid, &c.
 Come death, O come, thou friendly sleep,
 And with my sorrows lay me low ;

And

And should the gentle virgin weep,
 Nor sharp, nor lasting be her woe:
 But may she think, where'er she be,
 No more of my distress nor me,
 No more of my distress nor me.

SONG 51.

THE last that would know how to manage a
 man,
 Let her listen and learn it from me,
 His courage to quell, or his heart to trepan,
 As the time and occasion agree.
 The girl that has beauty, tho' small be her wit,
 May wheedle the clown or the beau,
 The rake may repel, or may draw in the cit,
 By the use of that pretty word *No*.
 When powder'd toupees all around are in chat,
 Each striving his passion to show,
 With kiss me, and love me, my dear, and all that,
 Let her answer to all be, *O, no*.
 When a dose is contriv'd to lay virtue asleep,
 A present, a treat, or a ball,
 She still must refuse, if her empire she'd keep,
 And *No* be her answer to all.
 But when Mr. Dapperwit offers his hand,
 Her partner in wedlock to go,
 With a house, and a coach, and a jointure in land,
 She's an idiot if then she says *No*.
 But if she's attack'd by a youth full of charms,
 Whose courtship proclaims him a man,
 When press'd to his bosom, and clasp'd in his arms,
 Then let her say *No*, if she can.

SONG

SONG 52.

WHY heaves my fond bosom, ah ! what can
it mean ?

Why flutters my heart, that was once so serene ?

Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is
near ?

Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear ?

Or why, &c.

Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace

The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face :

Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find ;

With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy
mind,

With thy face, &c.

Untainted with folly, unsullied by pride,

There native good-humour and virtue reside :

Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply

With compassion for him who without thee must
die,

With compassion, &c.

SONG 53.

THO' Baucis and I are both ancient and poor,
We never yet drove the distress'd from our
door ;

But still of a little a little can spare

To those who, like us, life's infirmities bear.

Come, come, my good friends let us go in together,

A cup of good liquor will keep out the weather :

Our

Our hearts they are great, tho' our means are but
small ;

You're heartily welcome and that's best of all.

You're welcome at our humble board to partake
Of a jug of good ale, and a good barley cake ;
A good roaring fire as high as your nose,
And a cleanly warm bed your old limbs to repose.

We know no ambition, we have no estate,
No porter to worry the poor from our gate :
We earn what we spend, and we pay as we go ;
It were not amiss if the rich would do so.

S O N G 54.

YOU say you love, and twenty more
Have sigh'd, and said the same before ;
And yet I swear (I can't tell how)
I ne'er believ'd a man till now ;
I swear (I can't tell how)
I ne'er believ'd a man till now.

'Tis odd that I should credit give
To words, who knew that words deceive ;
And lay my better judgment by,
To trust my partial ear or eye,
To trust my partial ear,
My partial ear or eye.

'Tis ten to one I had deny'd
Your suit had you to-morrow try'd ;
But faith, unthinkingly to-day
My heedless heart is gone astray ;
Unthinkingly to-day
My heedless heart is gone astray.

To bring it back would give me pain,
 Perhaps the struggle too were vain ;
 I'm indolent, and he that gains
 My heart may keep it for his pains ;
 And he that gains my heart,
 May keep it for his pains.

S O N G 55.

O HOW blissful 'tis to languish,
 When soft wishes warm the breast ;
 Sighs in part disclose our anguish,
 And our blushes speak the rest,
 Gay desires which fondly please us,
 Prove by night our loveliest themes ;
 But when midnight slumbers seize us,
 O the charming, charming dreams.

S O N G 56.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground :
 Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.
 Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours days and years slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night, study and ease
 Together mix'd, sweet recreation ;
 And innocence, which most does please,
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lye.

SONG 57.

IF ever, oh ! Hymen, you grant me a wife,
 Let this be her potrait, she'll hold me for life,
 Youth, beauty, good-nature, averse to conceit,
 Her sense quite refin'd, and in person quite neat.
 I'd have her with prudence be chearful and free,
 Nor reserv'd like a drone, or at least not to me,
 Obliging and easy, compliant with smiles,
 Mislead by no passions, allur'd by no wiles.

If the fair I describe, in the isle can be found,
 For no other I'll wed, if I search the world round,
 When summon'd by Hymen I'll gladly away,
 To hear the soft promise to love and obey.

SONG 58.

GO happy flow'r to her hand,
 From earth to her arise ;
 There in the sun of beauty stand,
 To blow beneath her eyes.

As the fond wind, her bosom greets,
 Falls gently on her breast,
 There fade with envy 'midst those sweets ;
 That robb'd me first of rest.

Be

Be gone and every sweet display ;
 Nor so much pleasure miss,
 Each moment that for her you stay,
 You lose an age of bliss.

S O N G 59.

IF beauty's pow'r so potent be,
 Our reason scarce can keep us free ;
 What aid can save us when we find,
 With beauty mental graces join'd,
 From all conqu'ring force to fly,
 In vain we hope, in vain we hope to try:
 Since then dear maid, the force is thine,
 An heart your captive I resign ;
 So you afford a kind retreat,
 For higher bliss it ne'er will beat ;
 But dedicate its future hours,
 To guard those virtues it adores.

S O N G 60.

LONG by an idle passion tost,
 By love undone, by reason lost,
 How many fruitless tears it cost,
 To free me from the smart.
 I rav'd, I sigh'd, but all in vain,
 Could not my liberty regain,
 Or break the little tyrants chain,
 Alas ! how weak my art.
 At length I flew to pride for aid,
 But equally by that betray'd,
 To ev'ry pow'r in vain I pray'd,

But

But none would pity show,
 'Till reason to my breast once more
 Did all my former peace restore,
 And brought content not in the pow'r
 Of Strephon to bestow.

S O N G 61.

YOU say at your feet that I wept in despair,
 And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair;
 How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke?
 What know we of angels?—I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love,
 And nothing but death should my passion remove:
 I have lik'd you a twelve month, a calendar year,
 And not yet contented;—have conscience, my
 dear.

S O N G 62.

ROus'd Europe, now is up in arms,
 Bellona spreads her dire alarms,
 The trump of fame with martial sound,
 Th' admiring world re-echo's round,
 And Prussia's king in dread array,
 Strikes neighbouring monarchs with dismay.
 He has the sword already weild,
 And dy'd with blood the warring field,
 From iron mouths grim death has roll'd;
 And mimic thunder frights the world,
 Whole armies now for fight prepare
 And kings invoke the god of war.
 Britannia once rose high in fame,
 No state but dreaded Britain's name,

As far as is the farthest shore ;
 Albion's lions were heard to roar,
 France does England now deride ;
 Rouse up and crush the Gallic pride.
 Send flying death enwrap't in lead,
 Your chain and shot with double head,
 From bellowing lungs, thro' previous air ;
 Destroy her coast, her monarch scare,
 Assert your rights, home victory bring,
 And save your country and your king.

SONG 63. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

ALEXIS a shepherd, young, constant and
 kind,
 Has often declar'd I'm the nymph to his mind ;
 I think he's, sincere and he will not deceive,
 But they tell me a maid shou'd with caution believe.

2.

He brought me this rose, that you see in my breast,
 He begg'd me to take it, and sigh'd out the rest ;
 I cou'd not do less than the favour receive,
 And he thinks it now sweeter, I really believe.

3.

This flow'ret, he cry'd, reads a lesson to you,
 How bright, and how lovely it seems to the view !
 'Twou'd fade, if not pluck'd, as your sense must
 — conceive,
 I was forc'd to deny what I really believe,

4.

My flocks he attends : if they stray from the plain
 Alexis is sure ev'ry sheep to regain ;

Then

Then begs a dear kiss for his labour I'll give,
And I ne'er shall refuse him, I really believe.

5.

He plays on his pipe, while he watches my eyes,
To read the soft wishes we're taught to disguise ;
And tells me sweet stories from morning to eve,
Then he swears that he loves, which I really believe.

6.

An old maid I once was determin'd to die,
But that was before I'd this swain in my eye ;
As soon as he asks me his pain to relieve,
With joy I shall wed him, I really believe.

S O N G 64.

GO, delusive dreams, go quit me,
Fly, thou fatal flatterer, hope ;
Come, despair, and quickly fit me
For the river, or the rope.

Vain are all my divers dresses,
All my pretty ogles vain,
Vain are * Wilding's waxen tresses, (* *Barber.*
Betty disregards my pain.

Cruel Betty, see my beaver !
Lo ! the tawny silver hue !
How the pendant spangles quaver
O'er my wig of powder-blue !

Can you still withstand the glitter
Of the tinsel, and the toy !

Can you still in silence titter,
And the brilliant beau destroy ! Well

Well—since nothing novel moves you,
 Or in person or in taste,
 Soon—ah soon!—the swain that loves you,
 Shall to yonder current haste.

Collin thus intent on dying,
 Hurries off with dame despair ;
 But his brother-bloods descrying,
 Joins the ring, and scorns the fair.

S O N G 65.

1.

AS Chloe sat shelter'd and breath'd the cool
 air,
 While music awaken'd the grove ;
 Young Damon approach'd and address'd the coy
 fair,
 In all the soft language of love :
 But she was so cruel his suit she deny'd,
 And laugh'd as he told her his pain ;
 And while the poor shepherd sat wooing she cry'd,
 I will die a maid,—my dear swain,

2.

Oh ! what, says the swain, must thy beauty so gay,
 Perplex us at once and invite ?
 Embrace ev'ry rapture, lest time make a prey
 Of that which was meant for delight.
 When age has crept round, and thy charms wrinkl-
 ed o'er,
 Then all will my Chloe disdain ;
 But still all her answer was tease me no more,
 I will die a maid—my dear swain.

3. Young

Young Damon protested no other he'd prize,
 His flame was so strong and sincere ;
 Then watch'd the emotions that play'd in her eyes,
 And banish'd his torture and fear.
 My joys shall be secret, enraptur'd he cry'd.
 Ah Chloe! be gentle and good;
 The fair one grew softer, and sighing reply'd,
 I fain would die a maid—if I cou'd.

S O N G 66.

WHEN the nymphs were contending for
 beauty and fame.

Bright Sylvia stood foremost in right of her claim,
 And to crown the high transports dear conquest
 excites,

At court she was envy'd, and toasted at White's,
 At court she was envy'd, and toasted at White's.

But how shall I whisper this fair one's sad case?
 A cruel disease has destroyed her sweet face ;
 Her vermilion is chang'd to a dull settled red,
 And all the gay graces of beauty are fled,
 And all, &c.

Take heed, all ye fair, lest you triumph in vain ;
 For Sylvia tho' alter'd from pretty to plain,
 Is now more engaging, since reason took place,
 Than when she possess'd the perfections of face,
 Then when, &c.

Convinc'd, she no more can coquet it, and tease ;
 Instead of tormenting, she studies to please ;

Makes

Makes truth and discretion the guide of her life ;
 Tho' spoil'd for a toast, she's well form'd for a wife,
 Tho' spoil'd, &c.

S O N G 67.

YOUNG Collin sought my heart to gain,
 The shepherd, lost in love,
 Each morn he woo'd me on the plain,
 Each noon within the grove,
 Yet my denial still was this,
 Pshaw ! man, I can't endure you ;
 And if he offer'd but to kiss,
 Such rudeness !—I'll assure you, I'll assure you,
 Such rudeness !—I'll assure you.

For twenty youths (not he alone)
 The am'rous flame confess :
 And had I once been kind to one,
 I'm sure I'd lost the rest ;
 Beside, he us'd no pretty arts,
 But sagely wou'd allure me ;
 While others talk'd of flames and darts ;
 'Twas pretty—I'll assure ye,
 'Twas pretty, &c.

My face, my form, were prais'd aloud ;
 My wit new conquests fir'd ;
 And 'twas enough to make one proud,
 To be so much admir'd :
 At length reflection shew'd the fate
 Such flattery might procure me,
 And virtue warn'd to shun the bait,
 Nor vainly—I'll assure ye,
 Nor vainly, &c.

I bid

I bid the fighting train depart ;
 This maxim pleas'd to prove,
 That flatt'ry fills the sensual heart,
 But truth the heart of love :
 Young Collin went in vain to plead,
 Of vanity to cure me,
 Now woo'd again ; and now indeed
 I lov'd him—I'll assure ye,
 I lov'd him, &c.

I blam'd myself, such scorn to bear
 To merit, now so clear :
 By my example, learn, ye fair,
 To prize the youth sincere ;
 We instant join'd the nuptial tie ;
 He raptur'd to insure me ;
 And, trust me, damsels, when you try,
 'Twill charm you—I'll assure ye,
 'Twill charm you—I'll assure ye.

S O N G 68.

I'LL sing of my lover all night and all day ;
 He's ever good-natur'd and frolick and gay ;
 His voice is as sweet as the nightingale's lay,
 And well on his bagpipe my shepherd can play ;
 And a bonny young lad is my Jockey,
 And a bonny young lad is my Jockey.

He says, that he loves me, I'm witty, and fair,
 And praises my eyes, my lips, and my hair ;
 Rose, vi'let, nor lilly, with me can compare :
 If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty, I swear ;
 And a bonny, &c.

He

He kneel'd at my feet, and, with many a sigh,
 He cry'd, oh ! my dear, will you never comply ?
 If you mean to destroy me, why do it ; I'll die :
 I trembled all over and answer'd not I ;

And a bonny, &c.

Around the tall may-pole he dances so neat,
 And sonnets of love the dear boy can repeat ;
 He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise and discreet,
 His looks are so kind, and his kisses so sweet ;

And a bonny, &c.

At eve when the sun seeks repose in the west,
 And May's tuneful chorists all skim to their nests ;
 When I meet on the green the dear boy I love best,
 My heart is just ready to leap from my breast ;

And a bonny, &c.

But see how the meadows are moisten'd with dew ;
 Come, come, my dear shepherd I wait but for you ;
 We'll live for each other, both constant and true,
 And taste those soft raptures no mortal e'er knew ;

And a bonny young lad is my Jockey,

And a bonny young lad is my Jockey.

SONG 69. *By Christopher Marlow.*

COME live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That grove, or valley, hill, or field,
 Or wood, and steepy mountain yield.

Where we will sit on rising rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd will I make thee beds of roses,
 And twine a thousand fragrant posies ;
 A cap of flow'rs and rural kirtle,
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A jaunty gown of finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
 And shoes lin'd choicely for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps, and amber studs :
 If these, these pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

SONG 70. *Answer by Sir WALTER*
 RALEGH.

IF all the world and love were young,
 And truth on every shepherd's tongue,
 These pleasures might my passion move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

But fading flowers in every field,
 To winter frost their treasures yield ;
 A honey'd tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrows fall.

Thy gown, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Are all soon wither'd, broke, forgotten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,

Can me with no inticements move,
 To live with thee, and be thy love
 But could youth last, could love still breed ;
 Had joys no date, had age no need ;
 Then those delights my mind might move,
 To live with thee and be thy love.

S O N G 71.

DEAREST Kitty ! kind and fair !
 Tell me when, and tell me where,
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain,
 When we thus shall meet again ?
 Where shall Strephon fondly see
 Beauties only found in thee ?
 Beauties only found in thee.

Kiss thee, press thee, toy and play,
 All the happy live long day,
 Dearest Kitty ! kind and fair !
 Tell me when, and tell me where,
 Tell me when, and tell me where.

All the happy day 'tis true,
 Blest, but only then, with you ;
 Nightly Strephon sighs alone,
 Sighs till Hymen makes us one,
 Sighs till Hymen makes us one.

Tell me then, and ease my pain,
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain,
 When the priest shall kindly join
 Kitty's trembling hand to mine ?
 Dearest Kitty ! kind and fair !
 Tell me when ; I care not where ;
 Tell me when ; I care not where.

SONG

S O N G 72.

O Wouldst thou know what sacred charms
 This destin'd heart of mine alarms,
 What kind of nymph the heav'ns decree;
 The maid that's made for love and me.

Who joys to hear the sighs sincere;
 Who melts to see the tender tear:
 From each ungentle passion free,
 O be the maid that's made for me.

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows
 Who feels the blessings she bestows:
 Gentle to all, but kind to me;
 Be such the maid that's made for me.

Whose simple thoughts devoid of art,
 Are all the natives of her heart:
 A gentle train from falshood free;
 Be such the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt, ye light coquets, retire
 Where flatt'ring fops around admire;
 Unmov'd, your tinsel charms I see,
 More genuine beauties are for me.

S O N G 73.

'TIS bumpers lull all cares to rest;
 'Tis bumpers make misfortunes sweet,
 'Tis bumpers cure the wounded breast,
 And bumpers make all souls compleat.

We'll drink to all our friends we know,
 We'll drink to all in grief and sorrow;
 We'll drink to all we love below,
 For bumpers make to-day to-morrow.

We'll drink to ev'ry honest soul,
 Who from his word wou'd never fly,
 That loves his friend that loves his soul,
 And who for him wou'd freely die.
 For bumpers gain the brave success;
 And bumpers make true virtue shine,
 'Tis bumpers gain our mistress,
 And bumpers make all souls sublime.
 'Tis Bumpers make the poor man rich;
 And bumpers make us free from care,
 'Tis bumpers make us that we wish,
 And bumpers make us what we are.

S O N G 74.

TOO long, a giddy wand'ring youth,
 From fair to fair, I rov'd :
 To e'ery nymph I vow'd my truth ;
 Tho' all alike I lov'd :
 Yet, when the joy I wish'd was past,
 My truth appear'd a jest :
 But, trust me, I'm convinc'd at last
 That constancy is best,
 That constancy is best.
 Like other fools, at female wiles
 'Twas my delight to rail ;
 Their sighs, their vows, their tears, their smiles,
 Were false, I thought, and frail :
 But, by reflection's bright'ning pow'r,
 I see their worth confess ;
 That man cannot enough adore ;
 That constancy is best,
 That constancy is best.

The roving heart at beauty's sight
 May glow with fond desire ;
 Yet, tho' possession yield delight,
 It damps the lawless fire :
 But love's celestial faithful flames
 Still catch from breast to breast ;
 While ev'ry home-felt joy proclaims
 That constancy is best,
 That constancy is best.

No solid bliss from change results ;
 No real raptures flow ;
 But, fix'd to one, the soul exults,
 And tastes of heav'n below.
 With love, on ev'ry gen'rous mind,
 Is truth's fair form impress'd ;
 And reason dictates to mankind,
 That constancy is best,
 That constancy is best.

S O N G 75.

WITH Phœbus I often arose,
 To feast on the charms of the spring,
 The fragrance to smell of the rose,
 Or listen to hear the birds sing :
 When linnets exalted their strains,
 The music enchanted my ear ;
 My eyes too were bless'd on the plains,
 With various sweet blooms of the Year.

When Chloe shone smiling so gay,
 I there fix'd the scene of delight.
 My thoughts she engross'd all the day ;
 I saw her in dreams all the night ;

Still musing on Chloe I walk'd,

My harvest no more in my thought :
Of nothing but Chloe I talk'd ;

Her smiles were the harvest I sought.

No longer the warblers could please ;

No longer the roses look'd gay ;
For music and sweetness and ease

Were lost, if my love was away :

I tun'd to her beauties my lays ;

I studied each art that could move ;

She took the kind tribute of praise,

And paid it with fondness and love.

SONG 76. DAMON *and* CELIA.

CELIA.

YES, Damon, yes, I can approve,
See all thy merit, all thy love :
But, shipwreck'd once, I leave the shore,
And trust the faithless seas no more.
And trust the faithless seas no more
Thy vows are lost, thy tears are vain,
For I can never love again,
Thy vows are lost, thy tears are vain,
For I can never love again.

DAMON.

And could'st thou then, bewitching maid,
Could'st thou be slighted or betray'd ?
Or, is it but an artful tale,
O'er Damon's passion to prevail ?
O'er Damon's, &c.
For surely thou wer't born to reign,
To love, and to be lov'd again,
For surely, &c.

CELIA.

CELIA.

If Celia could once more believe,
 Damon like Thyrsis would deceive :
 And yet, methinks it cannot be :
 There must be faith and truth in thee,
 There must, &c.
 Trust me, thy Celia feels thy pain,
 And wishes she could love again,
 Trust me, &c.

DAMON.

Why, then, those fears that rack thy breast ?
 Say that thou wilt, and I am blest :
 But, if my vows successful prove,
 Damon shall bid adieu to love,
 Damon shall bid adieu to love ;
 Like thee, resolve to quit the plain,
 And never, never love again.

S O N G 77.

WHEN Fanny blooming fair
 First met my ravish'd sight,
 Caught with her shape and air
 I felt a strange delight :
 Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
 Admiring ev'ry part,
 And ev'ry feature prais'd,
 She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes
 Ten thousand loves appear ;
 There Cupid basking lies ;
 His shafts are hoarded there :

Her

Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
 With colour all their own,
 Excelling far the pride
 Of roses newly blown.

Her well turn'd limbs confess
 The lucky hand of Jove ;
 Her features all express
 The beauteous queen of love :
 What flames my nerves invade,
 When I behold the breast
 Of that too-charming maid
 Rise suing to be prest !

Venus round Fanny's waist
 Has her own Cestus bound,
 With guardian Cupids grac'd,
 Who sport the circle round :
 How happy will he be
 Who shall her Zone unloose !
 That bliss to all but me
 May heav'n and she refuse,

S O N G 78.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
 My grottos are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow ;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweet briar twines it around:
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
 More charms than my cattle unfold;
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold,
 But it glitters, &c.

One would think she might like to retire,
 To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasted and planted it there:
 Oh! how sudden the jessamine strove,
 With the lilac to render it gay!
 Already it calls for my love,
 To prune the wild branches away,
 To prune &c.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
 What strains of wild melody flow!
 How the nightingales warble their loves
 From thickets of roses that blow!
 And, when her bright form shall appear,
 Each bird shall harmoniously join
 In a consort so soft and so clear,
 As—she may not be fond to resign,
 As—she may not be, &c.

I have found a gift for my fair;
 I have found where wood pigeons breed;
 But let me that plunder forbear;
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed:

For

For he ne'er could be true she averr'd
 Who could rob a bird of its young :
 I lov'd her the more, when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue,
 Such tenderness, &c.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold,
 How that pity was due to a dove ;
 That it ever attended the bold ;
 And she call'd it the sister of love :
 But her words such a pleasure convey,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and, whatever she say,
 Methinks I should love her the more,
 Methinks, &c.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
 Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs ?
 Will a nymph, that is fond of the plain,
 These plains and this valley despise ?
 Dear regions of silence and shade !
 Soft scenes of contentment and ease !
 Where I could have pleasingly stray'd
 If ought, in her absence, cou'd please,
 If ought, &c.

But where does my Phillida stray ?
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs ?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle, as ours ?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine ;
 The swains may in manners compare ;
 But their love is not equal to mine,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

SONG 79.

The Flower of EDINBURGH.

MY love was once a bonny lad,
 He was the flower of all his kin;
 The absence of his bonny face
 My tender heart has rent in twain.
 By day or night find no delight,
 In silent tears I still complain,
 And rail at those my rival foes,
 That took from me my darling swain.
 Despair and anguish fill my breast,
 Since I have lost my blooming rose;
 I sigh and mourn while others rest,
 His absence yields me no repose:
 To seek my love I'll range and rove
 Thro' every grove and distant plain;
 I ne'er will cease but spend my days,
 'Till I hear from my darling swain.
 I need not strange at nature's change,
 Since parents shew'd such cruelty;
 Therefore my love from me does range,
 And knows not to what destiny.
 The pretty kids and tender lambs
 Shall cease to sport upon the plain,
 But they lament, in discontent,
 For the absence of my darling swain.
 Kind Neptune, let me you intreat
 To send a fair and pleasant gale;
 Your dolphins sweet upon me wait,
 For to convey me on your tail.

May heavens bless me with success,
 While crossing on the raging main ;
 And send me o'er to that same shore,
 To meet my lovely darling swain.

All joy and mirth. at our return,
 Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay.
 The bells shall ring, the birds shall sing,
 To grace and crown our nuptial day.
 Thus blest with charms in my love's arms,
 Once more my heart I will obtain ;
 I'll range no more t' a distant shore,
 But will enjoy my darling swain.

S O N G 80.

Sung by Mr. BEARD at RANELAGH.

TWAS in the pleasant month of May,
 When nature smil'd, and all was gay,
 That o'er the painted vale I stray'd,
 And met my Sylvia, charming maid !
 Her lilly hand I softly press'd,
 While softly heav'd her little breast ;
 I gaz'd and gaz'd, as in a trance ;
 But, — — Honi soit qui mal y pense.
 My dear ! I cried, no more be coy,
 But, like the season 'wake to joy ;
 The God of love now rules the year,
 And all is genial raptures here ;
 The vine, that twines round yonder tree,
 A precept gives to you and me ;
 Let us the gen'ral bliss advance,
 But, — — Honi soit qui mal y pense.

The

The goddess of my heart replied,
 (Her cheeks with crimson velvet dy'd)
 And wou'd you, Colin, thus persuade,
 To grief and shame a harmless maid?
 Not I, I vow'd, not I, my fair,
 With thee the nuptial tie I'd share;
 And dread from love no sad mischance,
 For,——Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Her speaking looks reveal'd her thought;
 The charmer in my arms I caught;
 Then snatch'd, as earnest, of my bliss,
 A kind, a soft consenting kiss:
 To church we went, oh, bless the day!
 On pleasure's wings time glides away;
 Our eyes beam love at every glance,
 And,——Honi soit qui mal y pense.

SONG 81.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
 Let Damon urge his claim,
 He feels the passion void of art,
 The pure and constant flame,
 The sighing swains their anguish tell:
 Their sensual love contemn;
 They only prize the beauteous shell,
 But slight the inward gem.

SONG 82.

HOW happy is the maid,
 Who lives a rural life!
 By no false views betray'd,
 To know domestic strife:

H

No

No passion sways her mind,
 Or wishes to be great;
 To humble hope confin'd,
 She shuns the flatt'ring bait.

Her soul with cold disdain,
 Above the pomp of pride,
 Beholds the rich and vain
 In gilded fetters ty'd;
 While titles, wealth, and pow'r,
 The gaudy scene display,
 And pageants of an hour
 In darkness glides away.

But if some gentle boy,
 Her faithful bosom share,
 He doubles all her joy,
 And lessens all her care:
 Their moments on the wing,
 The mutual bliss improve,
 And give perpetual spring
 To virtue, truth, and love.

S O N G 83.

SOFT invader of my soul,
 Love, who can thy pow'r controul?
 All that haunt earth, air, and sea,
 Own thy force, and bow to thee:
 All the dear enchanting day,
 Celia steals my heart away;
 All the tedious live-long night,
 Celia swims before my sight:
 Happy, happy, were the swain,
 Who might such a prize obtain!

Other

Other joys he need not prove,
Bless'd enough in Celia's love.

All that temptingly beguile,
Sparkling eyes and dimpling smile ;
Ev'ry charm, and ev'ry grace,
Dwells on charming Celia's face :
Open, gen'rous, free from art ;
Virtue lives within her heart :
Modesty and truth combin'd
Suit her person to her mind :
Happy, happy were the swain,
Who might such a prize obtain !
Other joys he need not prove,
Bless'd enough in Celia's love.

S O N G 84.

HOW few amongst the thousand pairs,
By wedlock doom'd to constant cares,
Are fit the yoke to bear,—Are fit, &c.

The husband claims his sovereign right,
The wife runs counter out of spight,
And does her vows fore-swear,—And does, &c.

But some there are whom mutual love,
Does prompt with free consent to move,
Submissive to their fate,—Submissive, &c.

Thrice happy is that prudent he,
Thrice happy is that prudent she,
Blest with so kind a mate,—Blest with, &c.

Should I and Celia ever join,
I would be her's and she'd be mine,
For we two would be one,—For we, &c.

Complying with each others will,
Of generous love would take our fill,
Our joys should ne'er be done,—Our joys, &c

S O N G 85.

PReach not to me your many rules,
Ye drones that dwell in idle cell ;
The heart is wiser than the schools,
The senses always reason well.
If short my span, I less can spare
To pass a single pleasure by ;
An hour is long, if lost in care ;
They only live whom life enjoy.

S O N G 86.

YOUNG Daphne, brightest creature,
That e'er did heart ensnare ;
Was blest with all that nature
Could lavish on the fair :
For her each youth did languish,
And told their am'rous smart ;
What tho' she mock'd their anguish,
Yet Strephon won her heart,
Yet Strephon won her heart.
The Stripling swore for ever,
He'd true and constant prove ;
He was a youth so clever,
That she repaid his love ;
But death their joys resenting ;
Of Strephon made a prize :
Oh ! powers unrelenting !
To close the shepherd's eyes !

Now

Now fobbing, pining, crying,
 The beauteous widow ran,
 And vow'd in endless sighing,
 To weep her constant man :
 But Corydon, the rover,
 To court her did prepare,
 And thought another lover
 Might not displease the fair.

With boldness he advances ;
 The fair his love denies,
 Till irresistible glances
 Shot flashing from his eyes :
 With oaths and vows assailing,
 He wipes each tear-swol'n cheek,
 Until his love prevailing,
 He weds her in a week.

S O N G 87.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

H E.

HAste, haste, Phillis, haste, 'tis the first of the
 May ;

Hark, the goldfinches sing, to the wood let's away :
 We'll pluck the gale primrose, and, start not my
 dear,

I've something to whisper alone in your ear,

I've something to whisper, &c.

S H E.

Excuse me, fond swain ; it has often been said
 The wood is unsafe for a mai len to tread ;

And a wither'd old gipsy one day I espied,

Bid me shun the thick wood, and said something
 beside.

H 3

H E

HE.

'Tis all a mere fable, there's nothing to fright ;
 There's music all day, and no spectres at night ;
 No creature but Cupid, believe me, is there ;
 And Cupid's an urchin you surely can't fear.

SHE.

For all I could say, when arriv'd at the wood,
 Who knows your designs ? you might dare to be
 rude ;

So I bid you farewell, and confess I'm afraid,
 Lest Cupid and you are too hard for a maid.

HE.

His dictates you wisely at once shou'd approve ;
 For pray what is life ? 'tis a pain without love :
 Think how youth, like the rose, tho' ungather'd,
 will fade ;

Then quickly comply, lest you die an old maid.

SHE.

By language as artful poor Daphne was won ;
 Thus courted, she yielded, was trick'd and un-
 done :

And rather than trust the fine things you have said,
 Let my beauty decay, and I die an old maid.

HE.

Believe not I'm faithless and false as the wind,
 I'll be true as the turtle, as fond and as kind ;
 Will lead you to pleasures untasted before,
 And make you my bride ; can a mortal do more ?

SHE.

Then at once I comply, for I cannot say no ;
 To-morrow to church with my shepherd I'll go,
 To the wood next, tho' Cupid so talk'd of be there,
 With joy I'll away, and adieu to all fear.

SHE.

SHE.

Ye nymphs to the wood ne'er venture to go ;
Till the priest joins your hand, you must answer,
no, no.

HE.

Ye swains, shou'd your fair ones be deaf to you still,
You must wear the soft chain, then they'll go where
you will.

S O N G 88.

C O M E, neighbours, now we've made our
The fun in haste, (hay,
Drives to the west,

With sports conclude the day :
Let ev'ry man chuse out his lass,
And then salute her on the grass ;
And when you find
She's coming kind,
Let not that moment pass.

CHORUS.

We'll tofs of our bowls to true love and honour,
To all kind loving girls and the lord of the manor.
At night when round the hall we're fat,
With good brown bowls,
To chear our souls,
And raise a merry chat ;
When blood grows warm, and love runs high,
And jokes about the table fly,
Then we retreat,
And that repeat
Which all would gladly try.
We'll tofs off our bowls, &c.

Let

Let lazy great ones of the town

Drink night away,

And sleep all day,

Till gouty they are grown :

Our nightly sports such vigour give,

That oftentimes we do revive,

And kiss our dames

With stronger flames

Than any prince alive.

We'll tofs off our bowls, &c.

S O N G 89.

DEjected as true converts die,
But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd ;

So, fairest, at your feet I lie,

Of all my sex's faults asham'd.

Too long, alas ! have I defy'd

The force of love's almighty flame,

And often did aloud deride

His Godhead as an empty name.

But since so freely I confess

A crime which may your scorn produce,

Allow me now to make it less

By any just and fair excuse.

I then did vulgar joys pursue,

Variety was all my bliss ;

But, ignorant of love and you,

How could I chuse but do amiss ?

If ever now my wandering eyes

Search out temptations as before ;

If once I look, but to despise

Their charms, and value yours the more ;

May

May sad remorse, and guilty shame,
 Revenge your wrongs on faithless me;
 And, what I tremble e'en to name,
 May I lose all, in losing thee.

S O N G 90.

NOT the liquid brightness of those eyes
 That swim with pleasure and delight;
 Nor those fair heavenly arches which arise
 O'er each of them to shade their light:
 'Tis not that hair which plays with ev'ry wind
 And loves to wanton round thy face;
 Now straying o'er thy forehead, now
 Behind retiring with insidious grace.
 'Tis not that lovely range of teeth, as white
 As new shorn sheep, equal and fair:
 Nor e'en that gentle smile, the hearts delight,
 With which no smile cou'd e'er compare:
 'Tis not that chin so round, that neck so fine,
 Those breasts that swell to meet my love:
 That easy sloping waist, that form divine;
 Nor aught below, nor aught above.
 'Tis not the living colours over each
 By nature's fairest pencil wrought,
 To shame the fresh blown rose and blooming peash,
 And mock the happiest painters thought:
 No—'tis that gentleness of mind, that love
 So kindly answering my desire;
 That grace with which you look, and speak and
 move,
 That thus have set my soul on fire.

S O N G

SONG 91.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me ;
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her ;
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.
 That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her,
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender ;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.
 Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
 The fields we then frequented ;
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
 It's sweets I'll ay remember ;
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in December.
 Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?
 Oh ! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender ;
 I'll leave the bush o'boon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

SONG

SONG 92. By Mr. POPE.

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we
 Deceiv'd by shews and forms?
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
 All human race are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
 Proud reptile, vile and vain.
 A-while he crawls upon the earth;
 Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm we find,
 E'er since our grandam's evil:
 She first convers'd with her own kind,
 Than ancient worm the devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name,
 The blockhead is a slow-worm:
 The nymph, whose tail is all on flame,
 Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butter-flies,
 That flutter for a day;
 First from a worm they took their rise,
 Then in a worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows;
 Some worms suit all conditions:
 Misers are muck-worms; silk-worms, beaus;
 And death-watches phyicians.

The statesmen have a worm is seen,
 By all their winding play;
 Their conscience is a worm within,
 That gnaws them night and day.

Ah,

Ah, Moore ! thy skill were well employed,
 And greater gain wou'd rise,
 If thou could'st make the courtier void
 The worm that never dies.

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
 Who sett'st our entrails free,
 Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
 Since worms shall eat e'en thee.

Thou only canst our fates adjourn
 Some few short years, no more !
 Ev'n Button's wits to worms shall turn,
 Who maggots were before.

S O N G 93.

STELLA and Flavia, ev'ry hour
 Do various hearts surprize :
 In Stella's soul is all her pow'r,
 And Flavia's in her eyes :
 More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
 And Stella's more confin'd ;
 All can discern a face that's fair,
 But few a heav'nly mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarch, reigns
 O'er cultivated lands :
 Like eastern tyrants, Flavia deigns
 To rule o'er barren sands :
 Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy face,
 Thy beauty's only store ;
 Each day that makes thy charms decrease,
 Will give to Stella more.

SONG

SONG 94.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I chose,
 The vi'let sweet and lilly fair,
 The painted pink and blushing rose,
 To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
 Upon her brow the various wreath,
 The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
 The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs she wore along the day,
 And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
 That in her hair they look'd more gay,
 Than growing in their native bed.

Undress'd at ev'ning when she found
 Their odours lost, their colours past,
 She chang'd her look, and on the ground
 Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropp'd sense distinct and clear,
 As any muse's tongue could speak,
 When from its lid a pearly tear
 Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
 My love, my life, said I, explain
 This change of humour, prithee tell,
 That falling tear! — what does it mean?

She sigh'd, she smil'd, and to the flow'rs
 Pointing the lovely mor'lif said,
 See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
 See yonder, what a change is made!

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
 And that of beauty, are but one;
 At morn both flourish bright and gay,
 Both fade at ev'ning, pale and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung,
 The am'rous youth around her bow'd;
 At night her fatal knell was rung,
 I saw, and kiss'd her sable shroud.

Such as she is who dy'd to-day,
 Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
 Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
 The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

SONG 95.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
 I wou'd approach, but dare not move;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
 No other voice but her's can bear,
 No other's wit but her's approve;
 Tell me, my heart, if this is love.

If she some other swain commend,
 Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
 That instant enemy I prove;
 Tell me, my heart, if this is love.

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest spring or shady grove;
 Tell me, my heart, if this is love

When

When arm'd with insolent disdain
 She seem'd to triumph o'er my pain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
 Tell me, my heart, if this is love.

S O N G 96.

L O V E's a dream of mighty treasure,
 Which in fancy we possess;
 In the folly lies the pleasure,
 Wisdom always makes it less.

When we think, by passion heated,
 We a goddess have in chace;
 Like Ixion we are cheated,
 And a gaudy cloud embrace.

Happy only is the lover,
 Whom his mistress well deceives;
 Seeking nothing to discover,
 He contented lives at ease.

But the wretch, that would be knowing
 What the fair one would disguise,
 Labours for his own undoing,
 Changing happy to be wife.

S O N G 97.

D A M O N.

T ELL me, my Delia, tell me why
 My kindest, fondest looks you fly;
 What means that cloud upon thy brow?
 Have I offended? Tell me how.
 Some change has happen'd in thy heart,
 Some rival there has stol'n a-part:

Reason those fears may disapprove,
But oh ! I fear, because I love.

DELIA.

First tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay ;
Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
And ev'ry trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me see
Your flatt'ry is not all for me :
Alas ! too well your sex I knew,
Nor was so weak to think you true.

DAMON.

Unkind ! my falsehood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd :
You bid me try by this deceit
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide beneath another name
The secret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confess,
But let me wish it had been less ;
Too well the lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made ;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the disguise.

DAMON.

Ah ! cease thus idly to molest
With groundless fears thy virgin breast :
While thus at fancy'd wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

[89]
DELIA.

Tho' well I might your truth distrust,
My foolish heart believes you just :
Reason this faith may disapprove,
But I believe, because I love.

S O N G 98.

COnsider, dear daughter, what 'tis to be rich,
Nor spurn thus unwise at the blessing ;
The views of being wealthy most women bewitch,
Such husbands are sure worth possessing.
You tell me he's silly, I say he has pence,
His acres are boundless, his treasures immense ;
A coach and six horses are beauty and sense ;
Then prithee no longer refuse him.

S O N G 99.

WHene'er I meet my Celia's eyes,
Sweet raptures in my bosom rise,
My feet forget to move ;
She too declines her lovely head,
Soft blushes o'er her cheeks are spread :
Sure this is mutual love !
My beating heart is wrapt in bliss,
Whene'er I steal a tender kiss
Beneath a silent grove ;
She strives to frown, and puts me by,
Yet anger dwells not in her eye :
Sure this is mutual love !
And once, oh ! once, the dearest maid,
As on her breast my head was laid,

Some secret impulse drove ;
 Me, me, her gentle arms caress'd,
 And to her bosom closely press'd :
 Sure this was mutual love !

Transported with her blooming charms,
 A soft desire my bosom warms
 Forbidden joys to prove :
 Trembling for fear she should comply,
 She from my arms prepares to fly,
 Tho' warm'd with mutual love.

Oh ! stay, I cry'd, — let Hymen's bands
 This moment join our willing hands,
 And all thy fears remove :
 She blush'd consent, her fears suppress'd,
 And now we live, supremely bless'd,
 A life of mutual love.

S O N G 100.

WHEN first by fond Damon Flavella was seen,
 He lightly regarded her air and her mien,
 The charms of her mind he alone did commend,
 Not warm as a lover, but cool as a friend ;
 From friendship, not passion, his raptures did move,
 And he boasted his heart was a stranger to love.

New charms he discover'd, as more she was known,
 Her face grew a wonder, her taste was his own ;
 Her manners were gentle, her sense was refin'd,
 And ev'ry dear virtue beam'd forth in her mind ;
 Still, still for the sanction of friendship he strove,
 Till a sigh gave the omen, and shew'd it was love.

Now, proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the fair,
 Grows dull to all pleasure, but being with her :

He's

He's mute till his heart-strings are ready to break,
 For fear of offending forbids him to speak ;
 And wanders a willing example to prove,
 That friendship with woman is sister to love.

A lover thus conquer'd can ne'er give offence,
 Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense ;
 His passion not wrinkles nor age can allay,
 Since founded on that which can never decay ;
 And time, that can beauty's short empire remove,
 Increasing her reason, increases his love.

S O N G 101.

IN vain, dear Chloe, you suggest
 That I, inconstant, have possess'd
 Or lov'd a fairer she :

Wou'd you, with ease, at once be cur'd
 Of all the ills you've long endur'd,
 Consult your glass and me.

If then you think that I can find
 A nymph more fair, or one more kind,
 You've reason for your fears ;
 But if impartial you will prove
 To your own beauty and my love,
 How needless are your tears !

If in my way I shou'd, by chance,
 Give or receive a wanton glance,
 I like but while I view :

How slight the glance, how faint the kiss,
 Compar'd to that substantial bliss,
 Which I receive from you !

With wanton flight the curious bee
 From flow'r to flow'r still wanders free,

And

And where each blossom blows,
 Extracts the juice of all he meets ;
 But for his quintessence of sweets
 He ravishes the rose.

So I, my fancy to employ
 In each variety of joy,
 From nymph to nymph do roam,
 Perhaps see fifty in a day ;
 They're all but visits which I pay,
 For Chloe's still my home.

S O N G 102.

TH O' cruel you seem to my pain,
 And hate me because I am true ;
 Yet, Phyllis, you love a false swain,
 Who has other nymphs in his view.
 Enjoyment's a trifle to him ;
 To me what a heaven 'twou'd be !
 To him but a woman you seem,
 But ah ! you're an Angel to me.
 Those lips which he touches in haste,
 To them I for ever could grow ;
 Still clinging around that dear waist,
 Which he spans as beside him you go.
 That arm, like a lilly so white,
 Which over his shoulders you lay,
 My bosom could warm it all night,
 My lips they would press it all day.
 Were I like a monarch to reign,
 Were graces my subjects to be,
 I'd leave 'em and fly to the plain,
 To dwell in a cottage with thee.

But

But if I must feel thy disdain,
 If tears cannot cruelty drown,
 Oh ! let me not live in this pain,
 But give me my death in a frown.

SONG 103.

CHLOE, by that borrow'd kiss,
 I, alas ! am quite undone ;
 'Twas so sweet, so fraught with bliss,
 Thousands would not pay that one.
 Left the debt should break your heart,
 Roguish Chloe smiling cries,
 Come a thousand then in part,
 For the present shall suffice.— For the present, &c.

SONG 104. *Sung at Vauxhall Gardens.*

MORE bright the sun began to dawn,
 The merry birds to sing ;
 And flow'rets dappled o'er the lawn,
 In all the pride of spring ;
 When for a wreath young Damon stray'd,
 And smiling to me brought it ;
 Take this, he cry'd, my dearest maid !
 And who, — aye, who'd have thought it ?
 I blush'd the present to receive,
 And thank'd him o'er and o'er ;
 When soft, he sigh'd, my love forgive,
 I must have something more ;
 One kind sweet kiss will pay me best ;
 So earnestly he sought it,
 I let him kiss me, I protest,
 And who, — aye, who'd thought it ?
 A swain

A swain that woo'd with so much art,
 No nymph cou'd long disdain ;
 A secret flame soon touch'd my heart,
 And flush'd through ev'ry vein ;
 'Twas love inspir'd the pleasing change,
 From his my bosom caught it ;
 'Twas strange indeed, " 'Twas passing strange ;"
 And who, — aye, who'd have thought it ?
 Hark, Hymen calls ! the shepherd cry'd,
 Let us, my fair comply ;
 We instant went, with love our guide,
 And bound the nuptial tie ;
 And ever since that happy day,
 As mutual warmth has taught it,
 We fondly kiss, and sport, and play ;
 And who, — aye, who'd have thought it ?

S O N G 105.

YOU may say what you will, but Belinda's too
 tall,
 And Stella's all bone, and her shape is too small ;
 Dear Chloe's my wish, tho' extensive her charms,
 Tho' the front of her stays is too wide for my arms.
 'Tis certain Miss Fanny's a sweet little dear,
 And Zephyrs bring odours when Lucy is near ;
 But Chloe's all sweetness by nature design'd,
 We might call her an hoghead of double-refin'd.
 When she dances, then leaps my fond heart like a
 frog ;
 When with rapture I press her, I'm lost in a fog :
 I beg for a kiss, while my vows I renew,
 And imbibe half a pint of ambrosial dew.

She

She frequently mentions young Strephon the beau,
 But why should I reckon my rival a foe?
 E'en let him proceed, it will ne'er give me pain;
 We both shall find more than our arms will contain.

I've oft over-heard the ill-natur'd expression,
 That beauty so bulky must pall in possession:
 In his notion the critic is surely misled,
 Love's flame by her fat will be constantly fed.
 Some nymphs have angelical sweetness and grace,
 But Chloe has rather a cherubim's face:
 She's always good-humour'd, facetious, and free,
 And only gives pain when she sits on my knee.
 I start not, as timorous Fribbles have done,
 At the substance of three or four females in one;
 First balance her weight with his majesty's coin,
 Then let the dear ponderous charmer be mine.

S O N G 106.

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour
 To resist the fatal dart,
 For example move us never,
 We must feel to know the smart.
 When the shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our beauties sets to view;
 Vanity, her aid supplying,
 Bids us think it all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes
 Is the mild deceitful strain;
 Frowning truth our sex displeases,
 Flattery never sues in vain.

But

But too soon the happy lover
 Does our tend'rest hopes deceive ;
 Man was form'd to be a rover,
 Foolish woman to believe.

S O N G 107.

AS soon hope for peace 'twixt the hawk and the
 dove,
 As to find it with woman and man ;
 Or prompted by hate, or incited by love,
 They both will deceive when they can.
 The shepherd, forgetful of oaths and of vows,
 Will run to a face that's more new ;
 And often the woman, or maiden or spouse,
 The very same method pursue,
 The youth to obtain the dear nymph he admires,
 By falshood expresses his flame :
 To gain the lov'd boy who her bosom inspires,
 Does not Chloe exactly the same ?
 How just's the division ? Man's born to persuade ;
 We listen, and think him sincere :
 But then, has not nature been kind to the maid ?
 She gave her the smile and the tear.
 Intrepid as heroes, men snatch at their joy,
 And force us by storm to comply :
 We, helpless poor creatures, by fashion made coy,
 Consent when we feebly deny.
 Like armies drawn out into martial array,
 The sexes call forth all their pow'rs ;
 And if for the men goes the battle to-day,
 To-morrow the triumph is ours.

SONG 108.

Young I am, and yet unskill'd
 How to make a lover yield ;
 How to keep and how to gain ;
 When to love, and when to feign.
 Take me, take me, some of you,
 While I yet am young and true :
 E'er I can my soul disguise,
 Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.
 Stay not till I learn the way,
 How to lye and to betray :
 He that has me first is blest,
 For I may deceive the rest.
 Could I find a blooming youth,
 Full of love and full of truth,
 Brisk and of a janty mein,
 I should long to be fifteen.

SONG 109.

IN all the sex some charms I find,
 I love to try all womankind,
 The fair, the smart, the witty,
 The fair, the smart, the witty,
 In Cupid's fetters most severe,
 I languish'd out the long, long year,
 The slave of wanton Kitty,
 The slave of wanton Kitty.

At length I broke the galling chain,
 And swore that love was endless pain,

K

One

One constant scene of folly, &c.
 I vow'd no more to wear the yoke,
 But soon I felt the second stroke,
 And sigh'd for blue-eyed Polly, &c.

With tresses next of flaxen hue
 Young Jenny did my soul subdue,
 That lives in yonder alley, &c.
 Then Cupid threw another snare,
 And caught me in the curling hair
 Of little tempting Sally, &c.

Adorn'd with charms tho' blithe and young,
 My roving heart from bondage sprung,
 This yielding heart of metal, &c.
 And now it wanders here and there,
 By turns the prize of brown and fair,
 But never more will settle, &c.

S O N G 110.

IS there a charm ye pow'rs above,
 To ease a wounded breast;
 Thro' reason's glass to look at love,
 To wish, and yet to rest?
 Let wisdom boast, 'tis all in vain,
 An empire o'er the mind;
 'Tis beauty, beauty holds the chain,
 And triumphs o'er mankind,
 And triumphs o'er mankind.
 Thrice-happy birds, who on the spray,
 Unartful notes prolong,
 Your feather'd mates reward the lay,
 And yield to pow'rful song:

By

By nature fierce, without controul,
 The human Savage ran ;
 'Till verse refin'd the stubborn soul,
 And civiliz'd the man,
 And civiliz'd the man.

Verse turns aside the tyrant's rage,
 And cheers the drooping slave ;
 It wins a smile from hoary age,
 And disappoints the grave :
 The force of numbers must succeed,
 And sooth each other ear ;
 Tho' my fond cause should Phœbus plead,
 He'd find a Daphne here,
 He'd find a Daphne here.

Did heav'n such wond'rous gifts produce,
 To curse our wretched race ;
 Say, must we all the heart accuse,
 And yet approve the face ?
 Thus, in the sun, be-drop'd with gold,
 The basking adder lies ;
 The swain admires each shining fold,
 Then grasps the snake and dies.
 Then grasps the snake and dies.

S O N G I I I .

DEAR Chloe, attend,
 To th' advice of a friend,
 And for once be admonish'd by me :
 Before you engage
 To wed with old-age,
 Think how summer and winter agree.

So ancient a fruit
 For want of a root,
 Is doom'd to a speedy decay :
 Youth might ripen your charms,
 But old-age in young arms,
 Is like frosty weather in May,
 Believe me, dear maid,
 When the best cards are play'd,
 You seldom can meet with a trump ;
 And, to help the jest on,
 When the sucker is gone,
 What a plague would you do with a pump ?
 Let men of threescore,
 Think of marriage no more ;
 They need not be fond of that noose :
 The cripple that begs
 Without any legs
 Can have no occasion for shoes.
 A clock out of repair,
 Doth but badly declare,
 The hour of the day or the night ;
 For unless, my dear love,
 The pendulum move,
 'Twould be strange if the clock should go right.

SONG 112.

SILVIA, wilt thou waste thy prime
 Stranger to the joys of love ?
 Thou hast youth, and that's the time,
 E'ery minute to improve :



Round

Round thee wilt thou never hear,
 Little wanton girls and boys,
 Sweetly sounding in thy ear,
 Sweetly sounding in thy ear,
 Infant's prate and mother's joys?

Only view that little dove,
 Softly cooing to his mate;
 As a further proof of love,
 See her for his kisses wait:
 Hark! that charming nightingale,
 As he flies from spray to spray,
 Sweetly tunes an am'rous tale,
 Sweetly tunes, &c.

I love, I love, he strives to say.

Could I to thy soul reveal,
 But the least, the thousandth part,
 Of those pleasures lovers feel,
 In a mutual change of heart:
 Then, repenting, wouldst thou say,
 Virgin fears from hence remove,
 All the time is thrown away,
 All the time is thrown away,
 That we do not spend in love.

S O N G 113.

GOOD Damon, if you will, you may,
 Set spies and guards to watch my way;
 Or mark my looks with jealous eye,
 When any well-dress'd swain is nigh,
 Yet woman's wit a way will find,
 In spite of caution, to be kind.

For if myself I do not keep,
Instead of watching, you may sleep.

'Tis said of old, by authors sage,
Restraint does more the will engage;
The flame confin'd still fiercer burns,
And passions check'd to madness turns :
'Tis better then to set me free,
Than shut me under lock and key.

For if myself, &c.

When love does once the breast inspire,
Like moths that play about the fire,
Thro' careful guards and watchful spies,
It rushes fearless to the prize :

Unless the will itself restrain,
Your bars, and walls, and steel are vain.

For if myself, &c.

Would you secure the fair at home,
Go bid her wander, bid her roam;
Tir'd out with fops and fools all day,
No more she'll ask abroad to stray :

'Tis freedom self must make her true,
And fix her choice on none but you.

For if ourselves we do not keep,
Instead of watching we may sleep.

SONG 114.

STrephon, when you see me fly,
Why should that your fears create?
Maids may be as often shy

Out of love, as out of hate :

When from you I fly away,

'Tis because I fear to stay.

Did

Did I out of hatred run,
 Less wou'd be my pain and care ;
 But the youth I love, to shun !

Who could such a tryal bear ?
 Who, that such a swain did see,
 Who cou'd love and fly like me ?

Cruel duty bids me go ;
 Gentle love commands my stay :
 Duty's still to love a foe ;
 Shall I this, or that, obey ?
 Duty frowns, and Cupid smiles ;
 That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever by this crystal stream
 I cou'd sit, and see thee sigh ;
 Ravish'd with this pleasing dream,
 Oh ! 'tis worse than death to fly !
 But the danger is so great,
 Fear gives wings instead of feet.

If you love me, Strephon, leave me ;
 If you stay I am undone :
 Oh, you may with ease deceive me ;
 Pr'ythee, charming boy be gone :
 The God's decree that we must part ;
 They have my vow, but you my heart,

S O N G 115.

HE.

LOVE's an idle childish passion,
 Only fit for girls and boys ;
 Marriage is a curst fashion,
 Women are but foolish toys,
 Women are but foolish toys.

Spite of all the tempting evils,
 Still thy liberty maintain ;
 Tell 'em, tell the pretty devils,
 Man alone was made to reign, &c.

SHE.

Empty boaster ! know thy duty,
 Thou who dar'st my power defy ;
 Feel the force of love and beauty,
 Tremble at my feet and die,
 Tremble at my feet and die.

Wherefore does thy colour leave thee ?
 Why those cares upon thy brow ?
 Did the rebel pride deceive thee ?
 Ask him who's the monarch now, &c.

SONG 116.

AT setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee ;
 I'll visit oft the birkin bush,
 Where first you kindly told me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst infold me
 To all our haunts I will repair,
 By greenwood, shaw, or fountain ;
 Or where the summer's day I'd share,
 With you upon yon mountain :
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 With thoughts unfeign'd and tender :
 By vows your mine, my love is yours,
 My heart, which cannot wander.

SONG

SONG 117.

The HIGHLAND LADDY.

THE lawland lads think they are fine,
 But O they're vain and idly gaudy ;
 How much unlike the graceful mien,
 And manly looks of my highland laddy !
 O my bonny bonny highland laddy
 My handsome smiling highland laddy ;
 May heaven still guard, and love reward
 The lawland lads and her highland laddy.

If I were free at will to chuse,
 To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
 I'd take young Donald without trews,
 With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in Burrowstown,
 In a' his airs with art made ready,
 Compar'd to him is but a clown ;
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er Benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my lawland kin and daddy ;
 Frae winters cauld and summer's sun
 He'll skreen me with his highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and filken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and lady ;
 But I can kiss and be as glad
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Few

Few compliments between us pass ;
 I ca' him my dear highland laddy,
 And he ca's me his lawland lass,
 Sine rows me in beneath his plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Then that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end
 While heaven preserves my highland laddy.
 O my bonny, &c.

SONG 117.

The HIGHLAND LASSY.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
 But aft they're sour and unco' saucy ;
 Sae proud they never can be kind,
 Like my good humour'd highland lassy.
 O my bonny bonny highland lassy,
 My lovely smiling highland lassy ;
 May never care make thee less fair,
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassy.

'Fore any lass in Borrowstown,
 Who make their cheeks with patches motie,
 I'd take my Katy without gown,
 Bare-footed in her little cotie.
 O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the briar or bracken-bush,
 Where'er I kiss and court my dautie,
 Happy and blithe as ane wad wush,
 My flitt'ring heart gangs pittie pattie.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er

O'er highest heath'ry hill I'll stee,
 With cockit gun and cratches tenty,
 To drive the deer out of their den,
 To feast my lass on dishes dainty.
 O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare, by deed or word,
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
 While I can wield my trusty sword,
 Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
 O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure
 To range with me ; let great folks gloom,
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
 O my bonny, &c.

S O N G 119.

STrephon, why that cloudy forehead ?
 Why so vainly cross'd those arms ?
 Silly swain, thy aspect horrid
 Rather frightens her, than charms.

Rouse each dull and drooping spirit,
 Fling away thy myrtle wreath ;
 Bumpers large of gen'rous claret
 Make thee love and raptures breathe ;

Sacrifice this juice prolific
 To each letter of her name ;
 Bacchus deem'd it a specific,
 Why not mortals do the same ?

See the high-charg'd goblet smiling
 Bids thee, Strephon, drink and prove,
 Wine's the liquor most beguiling,
 Wine's the weapon conquers love.

S O N G 120.

Domestic bird, whom wintry blasts
 To seek for human aid compel,
 To me for warmth and shelter fly,
 Welcome beneath my roof to dwell.
 Supplies, thy hunger to relieve,
 I'll daily at my window lay,
 Assur'd that daily those supplies
 With grateful song thou wilt repay.
 Soon as the new returning spring
 Shall call thee forth to woods and groves,
 Freely revisit then the scene,
 Which notes so sweet as thine approves.
 But if another winter's frost
 Shall bring me back my guest again,
 Again with musick come prepar'd,
 Thy friendly host to entertain.
 The sacred pow'r of harmony,
 In this its best effect appears ;
 That friendship in the strictest bond,
 It both engages and endears.
 In musick's ravishing delight,
 You feather'd folks with men agree ;
 Of all the animated world,
 The only harmonists are we.

S O N G 121.

WHEN yonder cooing doves retire,
 And seem in am'rous shakles bound :
 See, Delia, how the flow'rs aspire,
 And shed delicious fragrance round.
 Rais'd by the spring and nurs'd by shade,
 They flourish sweetly to the eye :
 But autumn's hasting chills invade,
 And their gay beauties fade and dye.
 A flower, Delia, are thy charms,
 Which in youth's joyous season blows :
 Like thy bright eyes, thy iv'ry arms,
 And cheeks where shine the Eden rose.
 But envious time, with creeping pace,
 Will on thy frame seraphic prey :
 Despoil thee of each matchless grace,
 And steal thee from thyself away.
 Wisely admonish'd by the thought,
 Swift let us stop the whirling hour ;
 Pleasure as flying should be caught,
 E're age deprives us of the pow'r.
 Thee nature hath with beauty bless'd,
 And bids thee multiply its ray ;
 With too much sense thou art possess'd,
 Her blissful call to disobey.

S O N G 122.

TWA bonny lads were Sawney and Jockey,
 Sawney was lewd, but Jockey unlucky,
 Sawney was tall, well-favour'd and witty,
 But Jockey was all, because he was pretty :

L

For

For when he woo'd me, view'd me, su'd me,
 Never was lad so like to undo me,
 Fye, I cry'd, almost dy'd, lest he should rue me,
 If Jockey should gang, and come no more to me.

Jockey would love, but he would not marry,
 And I was afraid lest I should misfearry ;
 His cunning tongue with wit was so gilded,
 That I was afraid lest I might have yielded :
 For when he blefs'd me, press'd me, kifs'd me,
 Lost was the hour I thought when he mis'd me,
 Crying, denying, and fighting I woo'd him,
 And mickle ado I had to get from him.

But cruel fate robb'd me of my jewel,
 For Sawney would needs make him fight a duel ;
 Down in a dale with cypress surrounded,
 Oh ! there to his death poor Jockey was wounded :
 But when he fell'd him, thrill'd him, kill'd him,
 Who can express my grief that beheld him !
 Raging I tore my hair for to bind him,
 And vow'd and swore I'd not stay behind him.

Thus Jenny for Jockey lay fighting and weeping
 For the loss of her dear, whilst others are sleeping ;
 And Sawney to see her thus sorely distressed
 For the loss of her dear, in his heart was oppressed ;
 But when this deluder woo'd her, su'd her,
 She bid him be gone, and call'd him intruder,
 And said, should you die for my love I'd mock ye,
 You have been the cause of the death of my Jockey.

Oh ! Jockey, there's none that is left to inherit,
 The tythe of thy virtue, thy wond'rous merit :
 Thy goodness by me shall ne'er be forgotten,
 I'll sing out thy praise when thy carcass is rotten :

For

[III]

For thou wert the fairest, rarest, and dearest,
And now thou art gone like a saint thou appearest.
I'll have on thy grave stone this motto inserted,
" Here lies lifeless Jockey, who dy'd broken-
hearted."

S O N G 123.

CURS'D be the wretch that's bought and sold,
And barter liberty for gold;
For when elections are not free,
In vain we boast our liberty,
And he who sells his single right,
Would sell his country, if he might.

When liberty is put to sale
For wine, for money, or for ale,
The sellers must be abject slaves,
The buyers vile designing knaves:
It has a proverb been of old,
" The devil's bought but to be fold."

This maxim, in the statesman's school,
Is always taught, Divide and rule.
All parties are to him a joke,
While zealots foam, he fits the yoke:
When men their reason once resume,
'Tis then the statesman's turn to fume.

Learn, learn ye Britons to unite,
Leave off the old exploded bite;
Henceforth let whig and tory cease,
And turn all party rage to peace:
Rouze, and revive your antient glory,
Unite, and drive the world before ye.

SONG 124.

AS musing I rang'd in the meads all alone,
 A beautiful creature was making her moan :
 Oh the tears they did trickle full fast from her eyes,
 And she pierc'd both the air and my heart with
 her cries.

Oh the tears, &c.

I gently requested the cause of her moan,
 She told me that sweet Senifino was flown ;
 And in that sad posture she'd ever remain,
 Unless the dear charmer would come back again.
 Why, who is this mortal so cruel, said I,
 That draws such a stream from so lovely an eye ?
 To beauty so blooming what man can be blind,
 To passion so tender what monster unkind ?
 'Tis neither for man nor for woman, said she,
 That thus in lamenting I water the lee ;
 My warbler celestial, sweet darling of fame,
 Is a shadow of something, a sex without name.
 Perhaps 'tis some linnet, some blackbird, said I,
 Perhaps 'tis your lark, that has soar'd to the sky ;
 Come dry up your tears, and abandon that grief,
 I'll bring you another, to give you relief.
 No linnet, no blackbird, no sky-lark, said she,
 But one that's more tuneful by far than all three ;
 My sweet Senifino, for whom thus I cry,
 Is sweeter than all the wing'd songsters that fly.
 Adieu Farinelli, Cuzzoni likewise,
 Whom stais and whom garters extol to the skies ;
 Adieu to the opera, adieu to the ball,
 My darling is gone, and a fig for them all.

SONG

S O N G 125.

IN vain the fleeting clouds we chide,
 Or bid the rolling billows stay,
 Like them does time our call deride,
 Like them in silence haste away.

Yet how unjustly we complain
 If we the present instant seize !
 He wings his vagrant flight in vain,
 Spite of himself awhile he stays.

If life's a passage all must tread,
 Happiest who most unheeding stray,
 Who follow where the graces lead,
 And strow with flowers a thorny way.

S O N G 126. *Sung at the Public Gardens.*

SINCE wedlock's in vogue and stale virgins
 despis'd,
 To all batchelors greeting, these lines are premis'd :
 I'm a maid that would marry, ah ! could I but find
 (I care not for fortune) a man to my mind,
 (I care not for fortune) &c.

Not the fair-weather'd sop fond of fashion and dress,
 Not the squire that can relish no joys but the chase ;
 Not the free-thinking rake whom no mortals can
 bind,

Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my
 mind.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot who topos world without end,
 Nor the drone who can't relish his bottle and friend ;

Nor the fool that's too fond, nor the churl that's
unkind,

Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my
mind.

Not the rich with full bags without breeding or
merit,

Nor the flash that's all fury without any spirit ;

Nor the fine master fribble the scorn of mankind,

Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my
mind.

But the youth whom good sense and good nature
inspire,

Whom the brave must esteem and the fair should
admire ;

In whose heart love and truth are with honour
conjoin'd,

This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.

SONG 127.

HAPPY the man, whom heaven ordains
To tune the slender oaten reed ;
And on his own paternal plains
A flock to feed.

He ne'er, by wild ambition led,
Sweats in the dusty field of war ;
Nor seeks the paths of fame to tread,
Which dang'rous are.

But under some green tree reclin'd,
Close by a fountain's flow'ry side,
To carve upon the tender rind,
Is all his pride.

Sweet

Sweet Rosalinda's pleasing name
 On ev'ry neighb'ring tree is found ;
 And with sweet Rosalinda's fame
 The woods resound.

Blest, that in innocence and love,
 Estrang'd to envy, care and strife,
 With solid pleasures can improve
 Each hour of life.

May this propitious lot be mine ;
 Retir'd thus let me spend my days,
 So shall my songs, ye pow'rs divine,
 Your bounty praise.

S O N G 128.

CRUEL creature can you leave me ?
 Can you thus ungrateful prove ?
 Did you court me to deceive me,
 And to slight my constant love ?

False ungrateful ! thus to woo me,
 Thus to make my heart a prize :
 First to ruin and deceive me,
 Then to scorn and tyrannize.

Shall I send to heav'n my prayer ?
 Shall I all my wrongs relate ?
 Shall I curse the dear betrayer ?
 No, alas ! it is too late.

Cupid, pity my condition,
 Pierce that unrelenting swain,
 Hear a tender maid's petition,
 And restore my love again.

S O N G

S O N G 129.

NO shepherd was like Strephon gay,
No swain to me so dear,

'Twas rapture all the live long day,

His song, his pipe to hear,

Yet when he sigh'd, and talk'd of love,

His passion I'd forbid,

For what I felt, to hide I strove ;

Upon my word I did.

The spring when nature wakes to youth

And all looks life and joy,

The summer sun to Strephon's truth

Saw Chloe still was coy :

At length he vow'd, thou cruel fair

Disdain my heart has freed,

He spoke and left me in despair,

Upon my word he did.

How sad, how penitent was I,

My pride had caus'd my pain,

From morn to eve I us'd to sigh,

Oh ! Strephon, come again.

It chanc'd he sought a tender lamb

That in the grove lay hid,

When thoughtless there I breath'd his name,

Upon my word I did.

Surpriz'd my well known voice to hear,

In sounds of soft delight,

With eager steps the youth drew near

And met my raptur'd sight,

No pow'r had I, all art was vain,

Of Strephon to get rid,

My panting heart confess'd the swain,

Upon my word it did.

Oh

Oh nymph, he said, whose eyes to meet
 My soul, my joy o'erflows,
 The bee that roves from sweet to sweet,
 Like me prefers the rose.
 Ye maids, with whom I've tript the plain
 Let other youths succeed,
 My Chloe welcomes me again
 Upon my word she did.
 Whilst blushes crimson'd o'er my cheeks
 My hand with warmth he prest,
 Oh speak, he sigh'd, my Chloe speak,
 Shall Strephon now be bless'd.
 Oh who that lov'd so well, so long,
 The shepherd cou'd have chid;
 Perhaps you think I held my tongue,
 Upon my word I did.

S O N G 130.

SMILE, smile, Britannia smile,
 Thy genius comes again,
 To guard thy fruitful isle,
 And thunder o'er the main :
 Thy gallant sons disdain their ease,
 Now crown the mistress of the seas,
 Now crown, &c.

While dauntless they advance,
 And bid the cannons roar,
 They'll scourge the pride of France,
 And shake the Gallic shore.
 Deriding tempests o'er the waves,
 With courage never known to slaves.
 With courage, &c.

The

The decks all stain'd with blood,
 The bullets wing'd with fate,
 The wide and restless flood
 Cannot their rage abate.
 In Anson and in Warren wake
 The souls of Russel and of Blake.
 The souls, &c.

Britons pursue the blow,
 Like sons of freedom fight ;
 Convince the haughty foe,
 That you'll maintain your right.
 Defiance bid to France and Spain,
 Assert your empire o'er the main.
 Assert, &c.

S O N G 131.

CEASE Damon to pursue me,
 Nor tax me with disdain,
 While fondly thus you woe me
 You but encrease my pain :
 Thy mighty worth regarding
 No more with ardour sue,
 That worthy task's rewarding,
 I see in Strephon too.
 My eyes view'd both with pleasure,
 And each deserving own,
 Esteem to both I measure
 Yet love but one alone ;
 My heart so much divided
 In equal share wou'd fall
 Did fancy not divide it
 And give a Strephon all.

The

The valiant or the witty
 Alone are born to please,
 'Tis Cupid wills our pity,
 We chuse whom he decrees ;
 Fate governs inclination,
 On that depends success,
 Or why reward of passion
 Sould virtue ever miss.

S O N G 132.

COME Chloris leave thy wand'ring sheep,
 Thou shalt more amorous creatures keep,
 And be the only envied dame,
 That moves upon this grassy frame,
 For thou shalt herds of Cupids have,
 And love and I will be thy slave .

In yonder myrtle grove we'll dwell,
 With more content than tongue can tell ;
 Where hungry moles shall not affright
 Thy tender lambs or thee by night :
 There we the wanton thieves will play,
 And steal each others hearts away.

S O N G 133.

AS blyth as the linnet sings in the green wood,
 So blythe we'll wake, we'll wake the morn,
 And thro' the wide forest of merry Sherwood,
 We'll wind the bugle, bugle horn.

The sheriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood,
 Bold Robin disdains to fly ;
 Let him come when he will, we'll in merry Sherwood,
 Or vanquish boys or die: Our

Our hearts they are stout, and our bows they are
good,

And well their master know ;
They're cull'd in the forest of merry Sherwood,
And ne'er will spare a foe.

Our arrows shall drink of the fallow deer's blood,
We'll hunt them all o'er the plain ;
And thro' the wide forest of merry Sherwood,
No shaft shall fly in vain.

Brave Scarlet and John, who were never subdu'd,
Gave each his hand so bold ;
We'll reign thro' the forest of merry Sherwood,
What say my hearts of gold.

SONG 134.

IN vain I try my ev'ry art,
Nor can I fix a single heart,
Yet I'm not old nor ugly :
Let me consult my faithful glass —
A face much worse than this might pass,
Methinks I look full smuggly.

Yet blest'd with all these pow'rful charms,
The young Palæmon fled my arms,
That wild unthinking rover :
Hope, silly maids, as soon to bind
The rolling stream, the flying wind
As fix a rambling lover.

But hamper'd in the marriage noose,
In vain they struggle to get loose,
And make a mighty riot :
Like madmen how they rave and stare !
A while they shake their chains and swear,
And then lie down in quiet.

SONG

SONG 135.

SEE she wakes ! Sabina wakes !
 And now the sun begins to rise ;
 Less glorious is the morn that breaks
 From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.
 With light united day they give,
 But different fates e'er night fulfil :
 How many by his warmth will live ?
 How many will her coldness kill ?

SONG 136. *Sung at VAUXHALL.*

YE nymphs, who to the throne of love,
 With hearts submissive bow ;
 Who hope the mutual blifs to prove,
 That crowns the nuptial vow ;
 Through caution's glass by reason lent,
 Oh, view your lovers clearly ;
 Nor think to wed till that present
 The man that loves you dearly.
 Still blind to wisdom's ray, the rake
 No social blifs allows ;
 And he that long has rov'd must make
 A good-for-nothing spouse ;
 Nor choose the fop, tho' piteous sighs,
 Proclaim you've touch'd him nearly ;
 His own sweet charms too much he'll prize,
 Nor can he love you dearly.
 But when, with ev'ry manly grace,
 A youth with soul refin'd ;
 Who doating on your form and face,
 Thinks brighter still your mind ;

M

When

When such shall for the favour sue,
 Oh, yield your hand sincerely !
 And you'll love him, and he'll love you,
 To life's last moment dearly.

S O N G 137.

BLYTHE Jockey young and gay,
 Is all my hearts delight ;
 He's all my talk by day,
 And all my dreams by night :
 If from the lad I be,
 'Tis winter then with me ;
 But when he tarries here,
 'Tis summer all the year.

When I and Jockey met
 First in the flow'ry dale,
 Right sweetly he me tret,
 And love was all his tale :
 You are the lass, said he,
 That staw my heart frae me ;
 Oh ! ease me of my pain,
 And never shaw diltain.

Well can my Jockey kythe
 His love and courtesy ;
 He made my heart full blythe,
 When first he spake to me ;
 His suit I all deny'd,
 He kiss'd and I comply'd ;
 Sae Jockey promis'd me,
 That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when Jockey comes,
 Sad when he gangs away ;
 'Tis night when Jockey glooms,
 And when he smiles, 'tis day :
 When our eyes meet I pant,
 I colour, sigh, and faint ;
 What lasfs that wad be kind,
 Can better tell her mind ?

S O N G 138.

WHo'll buy a heart, Myrtilla cries;
 And throws around her wanton eyes ;
 An easy shape, a graceful air,
 A face, like lovely Hebe's, fair,
 A pair of eyes that wound at sight,
 And foil the diamonds piercing light ;
 Come hither, ye that long to prove,
 The soul enchanting joys of love,
 Come, quickly come, for he buys, that bids the
 most for me :
 But let no fordid wretch presume,
 With even Croesus' wealth to come,
 Nor vainly hope for gems, or gold,
 Such charms as these can ne'er be sold ;
 So vile a change I scorn to make,
 For love's the only coin I take.

S O N G 139.

THE shepherd Adonis
 Being weary'd with sport,
 He for a retirement,
 To the woods did resort: He

He threw by his crook,
And he laid himself down;
He envy'd no monarch,
Nor wish'd for a crown.

He drank of the brook,
And he eat of the tree,
Himself he enjoy'd,
And from trouble was free:
He wish'd for no nymph,
Were she never so fair,
Had no love nor ambition,
And therefore no care.

But as he lay thus
In an ev'ning so clear,
A heav'nly sweet voice
Sounded soft in his ear;
Which came from a shady
• Green neighbouring grove,
Where lovely Amynta
Sat fingering of love.

He wander'd that way,
And found who was there;
He look'd quite confounded
To see her so fair:
He stood like a statue,
Not a foot could he move;
Nor knew he what griev'd him,
But he fear'd it was love.

The nymph she beheld him
With a kind modest grace,
Seeing something that pleas'd her
Appear in his face;

With

With blushing a little,
 She to him did say,
 Oh! shepherd what want ye,
 How came you this way?

His spirits reviving,
 He to her thus said,
 I was ne'er so surpriz'd
 At the sight of a maid;
 Until I beheld thee
 From love I was free;
 But now I'm ta'en captive,
 My fairest, by thee.

S O N G 140.

DEAR Chloe, whilst thus beyond measure,
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
 And hoard up an old age of pain:
 Your maxim, that love is still founded
 On charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,
 When once you its dictates obey.

The passion, from beauty first drawn,
 Your kindness will vastly improve;
 Soft smiles and gay looks are the dawn,
 Fruition's the sun-shine of love:
 And tho' the bright beams of your eyes,
 Should be clouded, that now are so gay.
 And darkness possess all the skies,
 We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Derby, with Joan by his side;
 You've often regarded with wonder:
 He's dropfical, ſhe is fore-ey'd;
 Yet they're ever uneasy afunder:
 Together they totter about,
 Or fit in the fun at the door,
 And, at night when old Derby's pot's out,
 His Joan will not ſmoke a whiff more.

No beauty or wit they poſſeſs,
 Their ſeveral failings to ſmother;
 Then what are the charms, can you gueſs,
 That make them ſo fond of each other?
 'Tis the pleaſing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments that love did beſtow:
 The thoughts of paſt pleaſure and truth,
 And the beſt of all bleſſings below.
 Thoſe traces for ever will laſt,
 Which ſickneſs nor time can remove;
 For when youth and beauty are paſt,
 And age brings the winter of love,
 A frienſhip inſenſibly grows,
 By reviews of ſuch raptures as theſe;
 The current of fondneſs ſtill flows,
 Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

S O N G 141.

WHILE others ſtrip the new fall'n ſnows,
 And ſteal it's fragrance from the roſe,
 To dreſs their fancy's queen;
 Fain would I ſing, but words are faint,
 All muſick's powers too weak to paint,
 My Jenny of the green. Beneath

Beneath this elm, beside this stream,
 How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite theme,
 And told my tale unseen ;
 While faithful in the lover's cause,
 The winds would murmur soft applause
 To Jenny of the green.

With joy my soul reviews the day,
 When deck'd in all the pride of May,
 She hail'd the sylvan scene ;
 Then ev'ry nymph that hop'd to please,
 First strove to catch the grace and ease
 Of Jenny of the green.

Then deaf to ev'ry rival's sigh,
 On me she casts her partial eye,
 Nor scorn'd my humble mien ;
 The fragrant myrtle wreath I wear,
 That day adorn'd the lovely hair
 Of Jenny of the green.

Through all the fairy land of love ;
 I'll seek my pretty wand'ring dove,
 The pride of gay fifteen ;
 Though now she treads some distant plain,
 Though far apart, I'll meet again
 My Jenny of the green.

But though old time, 'till that bless'd night,
 That brings her back with speedy flight,
 Melt down the hours between ;
 And when we meet, the loss repay,
 On loit'ring wing, prolong my stay
 With Jenny of the green.

SONG 142.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I grow down,
 May this be my fate: in a country town
 Let me have a small house, with a stone at my
 gate,

And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.

May I govern my passion with an absolute
 sway,

And grow wiser and better as my strength
 wears away,

Without gout or stone by a gentle decay,
 by a gentle decay.

In a country town by a murmuring brook,
 With the ocean at distance whereon I may look,
 With a spacious plain without hedge or stile,
 And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.

May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and two or three
 more

Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before;
 With a dish of roast mutton, not ven'son, nor teal,
 And clean, tho' coarse, linen at every meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on sundays, and stout humming
 liquor,

And remnants of latin to welcome the vicar;
 With a hidden reserve of Burgundy wine,
 To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.

May I govern, &c.

When the days are drawn short and it freezes
 and snows,

May I have a coal fire as high as my nose, A

A fire which, when stirred up with a prong,
Will keep the room temperate all the night
long.

May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face the last
day,

And when I am dead may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in th' evening when
mellow,

He's gone and has not left behind his fellow :
For he govern'd his passion with an absolute
sway,

And grew wiser and better as his strength
wore away,

Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay,
by a gentle decay.

S O N G 143.

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me ;
The one thing I beg of kind heaven to grant,
Is a mind independant and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square :
The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,
And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings, which providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize ;
While sweet meditation and chearful content
Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display
 Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part;
 For e'ery fair object my eyes can survey
 Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
 The many their labours employ!
 Since all that is truly delightful in life,
 Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

S O N G 144.

DEspairing beside a clear stream
 A shepherd forsaken was laid;
 And whilst a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head;
 The wind, that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was,
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd;
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
 She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue;
 When she smil'd 'twas a pleasure too great;
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe
 She could doat on so lowly a clown;
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve
 To forsake the fine folks of the town!

To

To think that a beauty so gay
 So kind and so constant would prove,
 To be clad like our maidens in grey,
 Or live in a cottage on love!
 What tho' I have skill to complain,
 Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd?
 What tho', when they hear my soft strain,
 The virgins sit weeping around?
 Ah Collin! thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.
 And you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid:
 Tho' through the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.
 If, whilst my hard fate, to sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground:
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.
 Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array,
 Be finest at e'ery fine show,
 And frolick it all the long day:

Whilst

Whilst Collin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be heard of or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

S O N G 145.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives
 And banishes despair ;
 If yet my dearest Damon lives,
 Make him, ye gods, your care.
 Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
 My tender grief remove ;
 O send some cheering ray of light,
 And guide me to my love.
 Thus in a secret friendly shade,
 The pensive Celia mourn'd ;
 While courteous echo lent her aid,
 And sigh for sigh return'd.
 When, sudden Damon's well-known face,
 Each rising fear disarms :
 He eager springs to her embrace,
 She sinks into his arms.

S O N G 146.

WHEN daisies py'd, and violets blue,
 And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
 And lady-smocks all silver white,
 Do paint the meadows with delight ;
 The cuckow then on ev'ry tree
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he :
 Cuckow!

Cuckow ! cuckow ! word of fear,
Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks;
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
The cuckow then on ev'ry tree
Mocks marry'd men, for thus sings he :
Cuckow ! Cuckow ! word of fear,
Unpleasant to a marry'd ear.

S O N G 147.

NOT angel dwells above
Half so fair as her I love;
Heaven knows she ne'er can grieve me.
If she smiles, I'm blest indeed;
If she frowns, I'm quickly freed;
Heaven knows she ne'er can grieve me.
None can love her more than I,
Yet she ne'er shall make me die.
If my flame can never warm her,
Other beauties I'll adore,
I shall never love her more,
Cruelty will so deform her.

S O N G 148.

WOU'D you taste the noon-tide-air?
To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
Where woven with the poplar-bough
The mantling vine will shelter you.

Down each fide a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round the languid herds and sheep
Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep,
While on the hyacinth and rose
The fair does all alone repose :

All alone—and in her arms
Your breast may beat to love's alarms ;
Till blest'd, and blessing, you shall own
The joys of love are joys alone.

S O N G 149.

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main !
No treasure he ever amasses,

But chearfully spends all his gain,
We're strangers to party and faction,
To honour and honesty true ;
And would not commit a base action
For power or profit in view.

CHORUS.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys ?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Goes thorough the world, brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often gives strife.

When terrible tempests assail us,
 And mountainous billows affright,
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
 But skilful industry steers right.
 Then why should we, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
 Who rules at the helm of the state,
 Than we who, to politicks strangers,
 Escape the snares laid for the great.
 The various blessings of nature
 In various nations we try :
 No mortals than us can be greater,
 Who merrily live till we die.
 Then why should we, &c.

S O N G 150.

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
 My heart your own declare ;
 But for heav'n's sake, let it suffice
 You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
 Nor farther urge your sway ;
 Press not for what I must deny,
 For fear I should obey.

But could your arts successful prove.
 Would you a maid undo,
 Whose greatest failing is her love,
 And that her love for you ?

Say, would you use that very pow'r
 You from her fondness claim,
 To ruin in one fatal hour
 A life of spotless fame?

Re-

Resolve not then to do an ill,
Because perhaps you may;
But rather try your utmost skill
To save me than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
Defend, and not pursue;
Since 'tis a task for me too hard,
To strive with love and you.

S O N G 151.

WHEN icicles hang on the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nails,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pails;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
And nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

S O N G 152.

OH, I'll have a husband! ay, marry;
For why should I longer tarry,

For

For why should I longer tarry,
 Than other brisk girls have done?
 For if I stay, till I grow gray,
 They'll call me old maid, and fusty old jade;
 So I'll no longer tarry;
 But I'll have a husband, ay marry,
 If money can buy me one.

My mother she says I'm too coming;
 And still in my ears she is drumming,
 And still in, &c.

That I such vain thoughts should shun.
 My sisters they cry, oh fye! oh fye!
 But yet I can see, they're as coming as me;
 So let me have husbands in plenty:
 I'd rather have twenty times twenty,
 Than die an old maid undone.

S O N G 153.

THE wanton god, that pierces hearts,
 dips in gall his pointed darts;
 But the nymph disdains to pine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewel lovers when they're cloy'd;
 If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd,
 Sure the squeamish fops are free
 To rid me of dull company.

They have charms whilst mine can please,
 I love them much, but more my ease;
 No jealous fears my love molest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy disdain?
All I hope of mortal man
Is to love me whilst he can.

S O N G 154.

WHAT tho' they call me country lass,
I read it plainly in the glass,
That for a dutchess I might pass;
Oh, cou'd I see the day!
Would fortune but attend my call,
At park, at play, at ring, at ball,
I'd brave the proudest of them all,
With a stand by,—clear the way.

Surrounded by a croud of beaux,
With smart toupees and powdered clothes,
At rivals I'll turn up my nose;
Oh, cou'd I see the day!
I'll dart such glances from these eyes,
Shall make some lord or duke my prize;
And then, oh! how I'll tyrannize,
With a stand by—clear the way.

S O N G 155.

ON ev'ry hill, in every grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear conscious scenes of former love,
I mourn, and Damon is my theme:
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now

Now to the mossy cave I fly,
 Where to my fwain I oft have fung,
 Well pleas'd the browfing goats to spy,
 As o'er the airy fteep they hung :
 The mossy cave, the goats remain,
 But Damon there I feek in vain.

Now thro' the rambling vale I'll pafs,
 And figh to fee the well-known fhade ;
 I weep, and kifs the bended grafs,
 Where love and Damon fondly play'd :
 The vale, the fhade, the grafs remain,
 But Damon there I feek in vain.

From hill from dale each charm is fled,
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more ;
 Each flow'r in pity droops its head,
 All nature does my lofs deplore :
 All, all reproach the faithlefs fwain,
 Yet Damon ftill I feek in vain.

S O N G 156.

FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
 As wild as colt untam'd,
 Befpoke the fair from whence ſhe ſprung,
 With little rage enflam'd.
 Enflam'd with rage at ſad reſtraint,
 Which wiſe mamma ordain'd,
 And ſorely vex'd to play the ſaint,
 Whiſt wit and beauty reign'd.
 Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd,
 With Abigails forſaken ?
 Kitty's for other things deſign'd
 Or I am much miſtaken.

Muſt

Must lady Jenny frisk about,
 And visit with her cousins ?
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And brings home hearts by dozens ?

What has she better, pray, than I ?
 What hidden charms to boast ?
 That all mankind should for her die,
 Whilst I am scarce a toast.

Dearest mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my fortune try ;
 I'll have my earl as well as she,
 Or know the reason why.

I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
 Make all her lovers fall :
 They'll grieve I was not loos'd before ;
 She, I was loos'd at all.

Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way,
 Kitty, at hearts desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire !

S O N G 157.

K--T--Y G--NN--G. *Sung by Mr. CHAMP-*
NESS, at Marybone Gardens.

WHILE others on exalted wing,
 The fates of arms, or heroes sing,
 With matchless art and cunning ;
 A gentler theme attracts my muse,
 A theme Apollo's self might choose,
 'Tis pretty K--t--y G--nn--g.

Oh,

Oh, had the god beheld this fair,
 When Daphne caus'd his am'rous care,
 And baulk'd his wish by running ;
 His heart had felt a fiercer flame,
 The rival of the laurel'd dame,
 Had then been K—t—y G—nn—g.

The little loves attend her air,
 And tangled in her silver hair,
 Make fate too sure for shunning ;
 Her looks, ah, there description dies !
 For what can paint the beaming eyes
 Of charming K—t—y G—nn—g.

Tho' some assert the female tongue,
 Is ever restless, ever wrong,
 Our ears with prattle stunning ;
 Yet blest with wit and sense refin'd,
 And bright at once in form and mind,
 Is blooming K—t—y G—nn—g.

SONG 158. *In Imitation of Shakespear.*

THERE was a time that I forswore,
 All women from my heart ;
 And vow'd that I'd regard no more,
 The urchin Cupid's dart.

Tho' now I love ! I keep Jove's laws,
 Nor do I break my vow ;
 What then I thought a woman was,
 Doth prove a goddess now.

But should the the gods deny this proof,
 What fool is not so wise !
 To be content to lose an oath,
 To gain a paradise.

SONG

S O N G 159.

YE winds to whom Collin complains,
 In ditties so sad and so sweet,
 Believe not the shepherd that feigns
 He's wretched, to shew he has wit :
 No charmer like Collin can move,
 And this is some pretty new art ;
 Ah ! Collin's a juggler in love,
 And likes to play tricks with my heart.
 When he will he can sigh and look pale,
 Seem doleful, and alter his face ;
 Can tremble, and vary his tale ;
 Ah ! Collin has every pace.
 The willow my rover prefers
 To the breast where he once lov'd to lie ;
 And the streams, which he swells with his tears,
 Are rivals belov'd more than I.
 His head my fond bosom would bear,
 And my heart would soon beat him to rest ;
 Let the swain that is slighted despair,
 But Collin is only in jest :
 No death the deceiver designs ;
 Let the maid that is ruin'd despair,
 For Collin but dies in his lines,
 And gives himself that modish air.
 Can shepherds, bred far from the court,
 So wittily talk of their flame ?
 When Collin makes passion his sport,
 Beware of so fatal a game.
 My voice of no music can boast,
 Nor my person of ought that is fine ;
 But Collin may find, to his cost,
 A face that is fairer than mine.

Ah !

Ah ! then I will break my lov'd crook,
 To thee I'll bequeath all my sheep ;
 And die in the much-favour'd brook,
 Where Collin does now sit and weep :
 Then mourn the sad fate that you gave,
 In sonnets so smooth and divine ;
 Perhaps I may rise from my grave,
 To hear such soft music as thine.

Of the vi'let, the daisy, and rose,
 The heart's-ease, the lilly, and pink,
 Let thy fingers a garland compose,
 And crown the lov'd rivulet's brink.
 How oft, my dear swain, did I swear
 How much my fond soul did admire
 Thy verses, thy shape, and thy air,
 Tho' deck'd in thy rural attire !

Your sheep-hook you rul'd with such art,
 That all your small subjects obey'd ;
 And still you reign'd king of this heart,
 Whose passion you falsely upbraid.
 How often, my swain, have I said,
 That thy arms were a palace to me,
 And how well I could live in the shade,
 Tho' adorned with nothing but thee !

Oh ! what are the sparks of the town,
 Tho' never so fine and so gay ?
 I freely would leave beds of down,
 For thy breast and a bed of new hay.
 Then, Collin, return once again,
 Again make me happy in love ;
 Let me find thee a faithful true swain,
 And as constant a nymph I will prove.

S O N G 160.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell,
 A flame which time can never quell,
 But burns for thee, my Peggy.
 Far greater bards the lyre shou'd hit,
 For say, what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling wit
 And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The sun first rising in the morn,
 That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
 Does not so much the day adorn,
 As does my lovely Peggy.
 And when, in 'Theis' lap to rest,
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
 He's not so beauteous as undrest
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the vi'let blows,
 Or breathes upon the damask rose,
 It does not half the sweets disclose,
 As does my lovely Peggy.
 I stole a kiss the other day,
 And trust me, (nought but truth I say)
 The fragrance of the blooming May
 Is not so sweet as Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
 And pipe upon my oaten reed,
 To please my lovely Peggy.

With

With her a cottage wou'd delight ;
 All's happy when she's in my sight,
 But when she's gone 'tis endless night,
 All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r shall rove,
 And linnets warble thro' the grove,
 Or stately swans the waters love,
 So long shall I love Peggy.

And when death with his pointed dart
 Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
 My words shall be, when I depart,
 Adieu, my lovely Peggy !

S O N G 161.

ENrag'd with Delia's coy disdain,
 Despairing Damon iware,
 He'd now dispel his am'rous pain,
 Nor think of woman more ;
 But first each pledge of former love,
 Each present he'd reclaim :
 Then hastens to the neighb'ring grove,
 And thus address'd the dame :
 False fair, thou know'st that taper crook,
 That faithful dog that guards thy flock,
 That scrip too, once were mine ;
 But since my love unheeded dies,
 Since you no more the giver prize,
 His love and gifts resign.
 With milder mien and smother brow,
 And well dissembled sighs,
 The fair one meets her shepherd now,
 And blushing thus replies :

O

What-

Whate'er thy fickle fondness gave,
Thine av'rice back again shall have ;

But oh ! remember, swain,
With ev'ry gift a kiss you join'd,
Be then those kisses now resign'd,
Nor will I ought retain.

Thus saying, to the youth she flew,
Around his neck her arms she threw,

Her lips to his applied ;
Her swelling bosom press'd to his,
Infus'd her soul at ev'ry kiss,
And quite forgot her pride.

With raptures joyful Damon hears
His bliss too great to bear ;
Then thus with fault'ring voice he cheers
The penitential fair :

Forgive, my love, my life, my joy,
Forgive thy rude ill-manner'd boy,
Who dar'd his griefs display :
My crook, my flock, my all be thine ;
Let this, my fair, be only mine,
To love and to obey.

S O N G 162.

FOR many unsuccessful years
At Cynthia's feet I lay,
Bathing them often with my tears ;
I sigh'd, but durst not pray.
No prostrate wretch before the shrine
Of some lov'd saint above
E'er thought his goddess more divine,
Or paid more awful love.

Still

Still the disdainful nymph look'd down
 With coy insulting pride,
 Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
 And turn'd her head aside.

Then Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
 Use more prevailing charms;
 You modest, whining fool, draw near,
 And clasp her in your arms.

With eager kisses tempt the maid,
 From Cynthia's feet depart;
 The lips he briskly must invade,
 That would possess the heart.

With that I shook of all the slave,
 My better fortune try'd;
 When Cynthia in a moment gave
 What she for years deny'd,

S O N G 163.

OF Anna's charms let others tell,
 Or bright Eliza's beauty;
 My song shall be of Blowfabel,
 To sing of her's my duty:

The fair, who arm'd with Cupid's darts,
 His flames, and other matters,
 Is all around behung with hearts,
 As beggars are with tatters.

To lavish nature much she owes,
 And much to education;
 The girls and boys, and belles and beaux,
 Are struck with admiration:

For blended in her cheek there lies
 The carrot and the turnip :
 And who beholds her blazing eyes,
 His very heart they burn up.

Her dainty hands are red and blue,
 Her teeth all black and yellow ;
 Her curling hair of saffron-hue,
 Her lips like any tallow.

Her voice so loud, and eke so shrill,
 Far off it is admir'd :
 Her tongue—which never once stood still,
 And yet was never tir'd.

Ten thousand wonders rise to view
 All o'er the lovely creature ;
 The pearly sweat, like morning-dew,
 Gilds ev'ry shining feature !

As Isaac of his Esau said,
 She like a forest favours :
 Thrice happy man for whom the maid
 Reserves her hidden favours !

Oh Blowfabel ! for thee we pant,
 To thee our hopes aspire ;
 For thou hast all that lovers want
 To quench their raging fire.

Then kindly take us to thine arms,
 And in compassion save us
 From Anna's and Eliza's charms,
 Which cruelly enslave us.

SONG

S O N G 164.

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,

Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex ;
Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,

Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest ;

Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,

Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,

And young ones the rover they cannot regain ;

The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,

And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd :

Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,

And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,

Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants ;

The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,

And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to day :

Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,

Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

S O N G 165.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurel torn !

Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,

Lie slaughter'd on their native ground :

Thy hospitable roofs no more

Invite the stranger to the door ;

In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,

The monuments of cruelty,

The monuments, &c.

The wretched owner sees afar
 His all become the prey of war,
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
 Then smites his breast, and curses life !
 Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
 Where late they fed their wanton flocks ;
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain,
 Thine infants perish on the plain,
 Thine infants, &c.

What boots it, that in ev'ry clime,
 Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ?
 Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke !
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage and rancour sell !
 By civil rage, &c.

The rural pipe and merry lay
 No more shall cheer the happy day ;
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter's night ;
 No strains but those of sorrow flow,
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe ;
 While the pale phantoms of the slain
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain,
 Glide nightly, &c.

O baleful cause ! O fatal morn,
 Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !
 The sons against their fathers stood,
 The parent shed his children's blood :
 Yet when the rage of battle ceas'd,
 The victor's soul was not appeas'd ;

The

The naked and forlorn must feel
 Devouring flames and conqu'ring steel
 Devouring flames, &c.

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
 Forsaken wanders o'er the heath;
 The bleak wind whistles round her head,
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
 Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
 She views the shades of night descend;
 And, stretch'd beneath inclement skies,
 Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies!
 Weeps o'er, &c.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
 And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
 Resentment of my country's fate,
 Within my filial breast shall beat;
 And, spite of her insulting foe,
 My sympathizing verse shall flow:
 Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurel torn!
 Thy banish'd peace, &c.

S O N G 166.

The TALKATIVE FAIR.

FROM morn to night, from day to day,
 At all times and at every place,
 You scold, repeat, and sing, and say,
 Nor are there hopes, you'll ever cease.
 Forbear, my Celia, oh! forbear,
 If your own health, or ours you prize;
 For all mankind that hear you, swear
 Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.

The

Your

Your tongue's a traytor to your face,
 Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd,
 All are distracted while they gaze ;
 But if they listen, they are cur'd.

Your silence wou'd acquire more praise,
 Than all you say, or all I write ;
 One look ten thousand charms displays ;
 Then hush—and be an angel quite.

S O N G 167.

The FAIR RECLUSE.

YE ancient patriarchs of the wood,
 That veil around these awful glooms,
 Who many a century have stood
 In verdant age, that ever blooms.
 Ye Gothic tow'rs, by vapours dense,
 Obscur'd into severer state,
 In pastoral magnificence
 At once so simple and so great.
 Why all your jealous shades on me,
 Ye hoary elders do ye spread ?
 Fair innocence shou'd still be free,
 Nought shou'd be chain'd, but what we dread.
 Say, must these tears for ever flow ?
 Can I from patience learn content,
 While solitude still nurses woe,
 And leaves me leisure to lament.
 My guardian see !—who wards off peace,
 Whose cruelty is his employ,
 Who bids the tongue of transport cease,
 And stops each avenue to joy ?

Free-

[153]

Freedom of air alone is giv'n,
To aggravate, not sooth my grief,
To view th' immensely-distant heav'n,
My nearest prospect of relief.

S O N G 168.

The SILENT FAIR.

FROM all her fair loquacious kind,
So different is my Rosalind,
That not one accent can I gain
To crown my hopes, or sooth my pain.

Ye lovers, who can construe sighs,
And are the interpreters of eyes,
To language all her looks translate,
And in her gestures read my fate.

And if in them you chance to find
Ought that is gentle, ought that's kind,
Adieu mean hopes of being great,
And all the littleness of state.

All thoughts of grandeur I'll despise,
Which from dependence take their rise ;
To serve her shall be my employ,
And love's sweet agony my joy.

S O N G 169.

MY passion is as mustard strong,
I fit all sober sad,
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or, like a March hare, mad.

Round

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,
 I drink, yet can't forget her ;
 For tho' as drunk as David's sow,
 I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
 If Molly were but kind,
 Cool as a cucumber would see
 The rest of woman-kind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
 And eye her o'er and o'er,
 Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
 Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge I was known,
 And soft as silk my skin,
 My cheeks as fat as butter grown,
 But as a groat now thin.

I, melancholy as a cat,
 Am kept awake to weep,
 But she, insensible of that,
 Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart, as flint or stone,
 She laughs to see me pale ;
 And merry as a grig is grown,
 And brisk as bottled ale.

The god of love, at her approach
 Is busy as a bee ;
 Hearts, sound as any bell or roach,
 Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me ! as thick as hops or hail,
 The fine men croud about her,
 But soon as dead as a door nail
 Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg, her shape appears,
 O! were we join'd together,
 My heart would soon be free from cares,
 And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mein,
 No drum was ever tighter ;
 Her glance is as a razor keen,
 And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
 Methinks I feel them yet,
 Brown as a berry is her hair,
 Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
 Her pretty hand invites,
 Sharp as a needle are her words,
 Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body louse she trips,
 Clean as a penny dress,
 Sweet as a rose her face and lips,
 Round as a globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
 And happy as a king ;
 Good lack ! how all men envy'd me,
 She lov'd like any thing.

But false as hell, she, like the wind,
 Chang'd, as her sex must do,
 Though seeming as the turtle kind,
 And as the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
 Let who will take Peru,
 Great as an Emp'ror I should be,
 And richer than a Jew.

Till

Till you grow tender as a chick,
 I'm dull as any post;
 Let us, like burrs, together stick,
 As warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a dye,
 And with me better sped,
 Flat as a flounder when I lie,
 And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
 And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
 When I'm as rotten as a pear,
 And mute as any fish.

SONG 170.

KIND god of sleep, since it must be
 That we resign some hours to thee,
 Invade me not whilst the full bowl
 Glows in my cheeks, and warms my soul:
 Then only I thy aid implore,
 When I can laugh and drink no more;
 Short, very short, be then thy reign,
 I haste to laugh and drink again.

But oh! if, melting in my arms,
 The nymph ador'd, with all her charms,
 In some soft dream shou'd me surprize,
 And grant what waking she denies;
 Then, gentle slumber, prithee stay,
 And slowly, slowly bring the day:
 If fancy can such bliss bestow,
 Who wou'd not be deluded so?

SONG 171. By Mr. GAY.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board;
 Oh! where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among the crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro:
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below:
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 (If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear)
 And drops at once into her nest:
 The noblest captain in the British fleet,
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!

My vows shall ever true remain,
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,

We only part to meet again:
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points at thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,

Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
 They'll tell, the sailors, when away,

In every port a mistress find:

P

Yes,

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India coast we fail,

Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright !
Thy breath is Africk's spicey gale,

Thy skin is ivory so white :
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,

Let not my pretty Susan mourn,
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return ;
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
No longer must she stay on board ;

They kiss'd ; she sigh'd ; he hung his head ;
Her lessening boat, unwilling, rows to land,
Adieu, she cries ; and wav'd her lilly hand.

SONG 172.

I Lately saw what now I sing,
Fair Lucia's hand display'd ;
This finger grac'd a diamond ring,
On that a sparrow play'd.

The feather'd play-thing she caress'd,
And stroak'd its head and wings ;
And while it nestled on her breast,
She lisp'd the dearest things,

With

With chizzel bill, a spark ill set,
 He loosen'd from the rest,
 And swallow'd down to grind his meat,
 The easier to digest.

She seiz'd his bill with wild affright,
 Her diamond to discry :

'Twas gone ! she sigh'd at the sight,
 Moaning her bird would die.

The tongue ty'd knocker none might use,
 The curtains none might draw,
 The footmen went without their shoes,
 The streets were laid with straw.

The doctor us'd his oily art
 Of strong emetick kind,
 Th' apothecary play'd his part,
 And engineer'd behind.

When physic ceas'd to spend its store
 To bring away the stone,
 Dicky, like people given o'er,
 Picks up when let alone,

His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,
 He peck'd behind his wing,
 Lucia recovering at the news,
 Relapses for the ring.

Mean while within her beauteous breast,
 Two different passions strove ;
 When av'rice ended the contest,
 And triumph'd over love.

Poor little, pretty, flutt'ring thing,
 Thy pains the sex display,
 Who only to repair a ring
 Could take thy life away.

Drive

Drive av'rice from your breasts, ye fair,
 Monster of foulest mien,
 Ye would not let it harbour there,
 Could but its form be seen.

It made a virgin put on guile,
 Truth's image break her word,
 A Lucia's face forbear to smile,
 A Venus kill her bird.

S O N G 173.

ONE evening as I lay,
 Musing in a grove,
 A nymph exceeding gay
 Came there to seek her love;
 But finding not her swain,
 She sat her down to grieve,
 And thus she did complain,
 How men her sex deceive.

Believing maids, take care
 Of false deluding men,
 Whose pride is to ensnare
 Each female that they can;
 My perjur'd swain he swore
 A thousand oaths to prove
 (As many have done before)
 How true he'd be to love.

Then virgins for my sake,
 Ne'er trust false man again,
 The pleasure we partake
 Ne'er answers half the pain:

Uncertain

Uncertain as the seas
 Is their inconstant mind,
 At once they burn and freeze,
 Still changing like the wind.
 When she had told her tale,
 Compassion seiz'd my heart,
 And Cupid did prevail
 With me to take her part ;
 Then bowing to the fair,
 I made my kind address,
 And vow'd to bear a share
 In her unhappiness.
 Surpriz'd at first she rose,
 And strove from me to fly,
 I told her I'd disclose
 For grief a remedy.
 Then with a smiling look,
 Said she, t' assuage the storm,
 I doubt you've undertook
 A task you can't perform.
 Since proof convinces best,
 Fair maid believe it true,
 That rage is but a jest,
 To what revenge can do :
 Then serve him in his kind,
 And fit the fool again ;
 Such charms were ne'er design'd
 For such a faithless swain.
 I courted her with care,
 'Till her soft soul gave way;
 And from her breast so fair,
 Stole the sweet heart away :

Then she with smiles confess'd,
Her mind felt no more pain,
While she was thus carress'd
By such a lovely swain.

S O N G 174.

*Sung by Miss STEVENSON, at Vauxhall
Gardens.*

ADAGIO.

LOVE, thou bane of soft content !
Love, thou inauspicious guest !
Say, oh, why thy shaft was sent ;
Sent to this once peaceful breast ?
Sweet at first I thought the passion ;
Fancy still new joys cou'd see ;
Now how sad an alteration,
Damon flies from love and me.

ALLEGRO.

Thus Sylvia in the conscious grove,
All sweetly plaintive mourn'd ;
When Damon chanc'd that way to rove,
And to the nymph return'd ;
He sigh'd repentance at her feet,
She smil'd upon the swain ;
And each fond heart responsive, beat,
To love and joy again.

S O N G 175.

I AM a young virgin that oft has been told,
I should try to get marry'd before I'm too
old : I

I took their advice and got one in my eye,
 Who if I can't have, I'm afraid I shall die,
 Who if I can't have, I'm afraid I shall die.

Young Thryfis is witty, well-featur'd and tall,
 His fellow swains own that he out-does 'em all:
 When first I beheld him, I cannot tell why,
 I thought I was going that moment to die, &c.

If thro' the recesses of yon silent grove,
 Or over the meadows I happen to rove,
 And see my dear shepherd at distance pass by,
 I tremble all o'er, and am ready to die, &c.

When he plays on his pipe to the lambkins
 around,

I fly to the place where I hear the blest sound:
 Oh! Thryfis, sweet youth, to myself then I cry,
 I'd listen to thee, were I going to die, &c.

Last saturday eve, I remember the day,
 I caught him saluting Clarinda the gay,
 That I envy'd each kiss, I will not deny,
 And fervently pray'd that my rival might die, &c.

Come Hymen and lend a young virgin your aid,
 Who without your assistance must die an old
 maid;

To all my fond wishes, make Thryfis comply,
 And if I don't have him I wish I may die,
 And if I don't have him, &c.

S O N G 176.

TIS true, my Celia, thou art fair
 As snow yet hov'ring in the air;

That

That in the lilly we may find,
 An emblem of thy spotleſs mind:
 The ſtars of yonder firmament,
 The luſtre of thine eye preſent.

Yon blooming peach portrays thy lip,
 Where Cupid takes delight to ſip;
 And if the bluſhing roſe we ſeek,
 We find it pictur'd in thy cheek;
 Thy hair with ringlets void of arts,
 Are toils where Cupid catches hearts.

But as the lilly and the roſe,
 The peach which in the garden grows,
 Unpluck'd, muſt fall by quick decay;
 So ſhall thy youth as fleeting May:
 Snows melt, and ſtars that gild the ſkies,
 Like beauty ſet, no more to riſe.

Then while thou haſt it in thy pow'r;
 My Celia ſeize the preſent hour;
 Take, take me bluſhing to thy arms,
 On conſtant love beſtow thy charms;
 Elſe the ſad time may come, when thou
 Shalt beg in vain, as I do now.

S O N G 177.

'T WAS when the ſeas were roaring,
 With hollow blaſts of wind,
 A damſel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd:
 Wide o'er the rowling billows,
 She caſt a wiſhful look;
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve

Twelve months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious days ;

Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas ?

Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,
And let the lover rest !

Ah ! what's thy troubled motion,
To that within my breast ?

The merchant robb'd of treasure,
Views tempests in despair ;

But what's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear !

Shou'd you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,

You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain ;

Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain ?

No eyes those rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,

To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholly lying,

Thus wait'd she for her dear,

Repaid each blast with sighing,

Each billow with a tear :

When o'er the white waves stooping

His floating corpse she spy'd ;

Then like a lilly drooping,

She bow'd her head and dy'd.

SONG

S O N G 178.

YE medley of mortals, that make up this
throng,

Spare your wit for a moment and list to my song.
What you would not expect here, my wit shall
be new,

And what is more strange, ev'ry word shall be
true,

Sing tantararara truth all, truth all,
Sing tantararara truth all.

Not a toy in the place you'll buy cheaper than
mine,

Bring your lasses to me, and you'll save all
your coin;

The ladies alone will pay dear for my skill,
For if they will hear me—their tongues must
lie still.

Sing tantararara mute all.

Though our revels are scorn'd by the grave and
the wise,

Yet they practise all day what they seem to de-
spise;

Examine mankind from the great to the small,
Each mortal's disguis'd, and the world is a ball.

Sing tantararara masks all.

The parson brimful of October and grace,
With a long taper pipe, and a round ruddy
face,

Will rail at your doings—but when it is dark,
The doctor's disguis'd, and led home by the clerk.

Sing tantararara masks all. The

The fierce roaring blade with long sword and
cock'd hat,
Who with zounds he did this, and with 'sblood
he'll do that ;
When he comes to his trial, he fails in his part,
And proves that his looks were but masks to
his heart.

Sing tantararara masks all.

The beau acts the rake and will talk of a-
mours,
Shews letters from wives, and appointments from m
whores ;
But a creature, so modest, avoids all disgrace,
For how would he blush, should he meet face
to face ?

Sing tantararara masks all.

The courtiers and patriots, 'mong other fine
things,
Will talk of their country, and love to their
kings ;
Yet their masks will drop off, if you shake but
the pelf,
And shew king and country all center'd in self.

Sing tantararara masks all.

With an outside of virtue, Miss Squeamish the
prude,
If you touch her, she faints ; if you speak, you
are rude ;
Thus she's prim, and she's coy, till her blossoms
are gone,
And when mellow, she's pluck'd by the coach-
man or John.

Sing tantararara masks all.

With

With a great mask of wisdom say-physic and law,
In your case there's no fear, in your cause there's
no flaw ;

Till death and the judge have decreed, they look
big,

Then you find you have trusted—a full bottom wig.
Sing tantararara masks all.

Thus life is no more than a round of deceit,
Each neighbour will find that his next is a cheat ;
But if, oh ye mortals, these tricks you pursue,
You at last cheat yourselves—and the devil cheats
you.

Sing tantararara masks all, masks all,
sing tantararara masks all,

S. O N G 179.

YE shepherds so chearful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam,
Should Corydon's happen to stray,

Oh ! call the poor wanderers home :
Allow me to muse and to sigh,

And talk of the change that we find :
None once was so watchful as I :

——I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what 'tis to have strove

With the torture of doubt and desire ;

What 'tis to admire and to love,

And to leave her we love and admire :

Ah ! lead forth my flock in the morn,

And the damps of each ev'ning repel,

Alas ! I am faint and forlorn :

I have bid my dear Phillis farewell.

Since

Since Phillis vouchsaf'd me a look,
 I never once dreamt of my kine :
 May I loose both my pipe and my crook,
 If I knew of a kid that was mine :
 I priz'd e'ery hour that went by
 Beyond all that had pleas'd me before ;
 But now they are past, and I sigh ;
 And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.
 But why do I grieve thus in vain ?
 Why wander thus pensively here ?
 Oh ! why did I come from the plain,
 Where I fed on the smiles of my dear ?
 They tell me my favourite swain,
 The pride of that valley is flown,
 Alas ! where with her I have stray'd
 I could wander with pleasure alone.
 When forc'd the fair nymph to forgo,
 What anguish I felt at my heart !
 Yet I thought——but it might not be so——
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart :
 'She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew ;
 My path I could hardly discern :
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return.
 The pilgrim that journeys all day,
 To visit some far-distant shrine,
 If he brings but a relique away,
 Is happy nor heard to repine :
 Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
 Soft hope is the relique I bear,
 And my solace wherever I go.

SONG 180.

SAYS Damon to Phillis, suppose my fond eyes,
Reveal with what ardour I glow.

Reveal with what ardour I glow.

Well what if they do, there's no harm sure she
cries ?

I can but deny you, you know, you know,
I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose I should ask of those lips a sweet kiss,
Say, wou'd you the favour bestow,
Say, wou'd you, &c.

Lord bless me, said she, what a question is this,
I can but deny you, you know, you know,
I can but deny, &c.

Suppose not contented, I still ask for more,
For pleasure from pleasure will grow,
For pleasure, &c.

Suppose what you will, she reply'd as before,
I can but deny you, you know, you know,
I can but deny, &c.

Come then my dear love to the woods let's repair,
Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go,
Cry'd Damon, &c.

No, no, with a blush, answer'd Phillis, for there,
I could not deny you, you know, you know,
I could not, &c.

SONG 181.

A Monarch in a rustic bow'r,
O'er whom ev'n fortune has no pow'r,
Can

Can neither raise nor sink me lower,
Move how she will.

An honest heart is always gay,
In thoughtful heads sweet notions play,
That charm alike in busy day,
And darkness still.

I heed not how the world goes round,
Whence titles flow, where wealth is found,
My bliss is to my bosom bound,
My treasure there.

Knowledge I seek, but not a name ;
Something bestow, yet nothing claim ;
Nor envy dread nor covet fame ;
Nor hope, nor fear.

If fair or foul, my soul's at rest,
By ills, by vapours, undistress'd,
For conscious virtue guards my breast
From grief or pain.

The joys kind nature gives, I taste,
And pleas'd, and happy, while they last,
And ever grateful for the past,
Dare hope again.

S O N G 182.

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to sport
and to play,
Let the tabor strike up and the village be gay,
Let the tabor, &c.
No day through the year shall more chearful be
seen,
For Ralph of the mill, marries Sue of the green,
For Ralph, &c.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
 And while the wind blows,
 And while the mill goes,
 Who'll be so happy, so happy as we ?

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a
 bride,

Be married to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd.

Be married, &c.

My body is stout and my heart is as sound,
 And my love like my courage will never give
 ground.

I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of fashion the best jointures wed,
 And prudently take the best bidders to bed.

And prudently, &c.

Such signing and sealing's no part of our blifs,
 We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kifs.

I love Sue, &c.

Though Ralph is not courtly nor none of your
 beaus,

Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine
 clothes.

Nor bounces, &c.

In nothing he'll borrow from folk of high life,
 Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.

I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,

While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but
 lies still.

While thus, &c.

Our joys shall continue, and ever be new,
 And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.

I love Sue, &c.

SONG

SONG 183.

THE sun was sleeping in the main,
 Bright Cynthia silver'd all the plain ;
 When Collin turn'd his team to rest,
 And fought the lass he lov'd the best :
 As tow'rd her cott he jogg'd along,
 Her name was frequent in his song ;
 But when his errand Dolly knew,
 She vow'd——she'd something else to do,
 She'd something else to do,
 She vow'd——she'd something else to do.

He swore he did esteem her more
 Than any maid he'd seen before :
 In tender sighs protesting he
 Wou'd constant as the turtle be :
 Talk'd much of death should she refuse,
 And us'd such art as lovers use ;
 'Tis fine, says Doll, if 'tis but true,
 But now——I've something else to do ;
 I've something else to do.

Her pride then Collin thus address'd ;
 Forgive me, Doll, I did but jest ;
 To her that's kind I'll constant prove,
 But trust me, I'll ne'er die for love :
 Tho' first she did his courtship scorn ;
 Now Doll began to court in turn ;
 Dear Collin I was jesting too,
 Step in——I've nothing else to do,
 I've nothing else to do,
 Step in——I've nothing else to do.

SONG 184.

Sung at RANBLAGH.

AS Jamie gay gang'd blithe his way
 Along the banks of Tweed,
 A bonny lass as ever was,
 Tript gladsome o'er the mead;
 The hearty fwain, untaught to feign,
 The buxom nymph survey'd;
 And full of glee as lad cou'd be
 Bespake the pretty maid.

Sweet lassie tell, why by thine sel
 Thou bendst thy footsteps here;
 My ewes, she cried, are wander'd wide,
 Canst tell me laddy, where:
 To town Ise hie, he made reply,
 Some muckle sport to see:
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim, and neat,
 Ise seek the ewes with thee.

She gin her hand, nor made a stand,
 But lik'd the youth's intent:
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
 Right merrily they went;
 The birds sang sweet, their pair to greet,
 And flow'rets bloom'd around;
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
 And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
 The zenith of his power;
 When to the shade the couple made,
 To pass the mid-day hour:

The

The bonny lad raw'd in his plaid,
 The lads who scorn'd to frown;
 She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
 The swain to gang to town.

SONG 185.

A Courting I went to my love,
 Who is sweeter than roses in May;
 And when I came to her, by Jove.
 The devil a word could I say.
 I walk'd with her into the garden,
 There fully intending to woo her:
 But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,
 If of love I said any thing to her.

I clasp'd her hand close to my breast,
 While my heart was as light as a feather;
 Yet nothing I said, I protest,
 But, madam, 'tis very fine weather:
 To an arbour I did her attend,
 She ask'd me to come and sit by her;
 I crept to the furthest end,
 For I was afraid to come nigh her.

I ask'd her, which way was the wind,
 For I thought in some talk we must enter:
 Why, sir! she answer'd and grin'd,
 Have you just sent your wits for a venture?
 Then into the parlour we went,
 There I vow'd I my passion would try;
 But there I was still as a mouse,
 O what a dull booby was I!

SONG

SONG 186.

UPON a summer's ev'ning clear,
 Dione, hapless maid,
 All wan with love, and pining care,
 Sought out a secret shade:
 How wretched, ah ! how chang'd am I,
 Unhappy maid, said she ;
 No scene is pleasing to my eye,
 No flow'r is sweet to me.
 No flow'r, &c.

So many vows could Collin make
 To me, ah ! faithless swain ;
 And yet those plighted vows could break,
 And leave me to complain !
 Why did I rashly seek his arms,
 Or his fond tale believe ?
 Alas ! I yielded all my charms,
 Nor thought he could deceive.
 Nor thought, &c.

Yet why of roses such a store,
 And lillies on my face ;
 Since Lucy now can please you more,
 And claims your fond embrace ?
 My brighter eyes I'd willing give,
 Resign my rosy hue ;
 Content with Lucy's charms I'd live,
 A rural maid for you.—A rural, &c.
 But Collin's deaf when I upbraid,
 Nor heeds when I complain ;
 Thinks not that I'm the injur'd maid,
 And he the perjur'd swain :

Yet

Yet know, false man, Dione's shade,
 To fright you shall appear,
 And when you climb the marriage bed,
 Dione will be there.—Dione will, &c.

S O N G 187.

TH O' Chloe's out of fashion,
 Can blush and be sincere,
 I'd toast her in a bumper,
 If all the belles were here :
 What tho' no diamonds sparkle
 About her neck and waist,
 With ev'ry shining virtue
 The lovely maid is grac'd.
 With ev'ry shining, &c.

In modest, plain apparel,
 No patches, paint, or airs,
 In debt alone to nature,
 An angel she appears :
 From gay coquets high finish'd,
 My Chloe takes no rules,
 Nor envies them their conquests;
 The hearts of all the fools.
 Nor envies them, &c.

Who wins her must have merit,
 Such merit as her own :
 The graces all possessing,
 Yet knows not she has one :
 Then grant me, gracious heav'n,
 The gifts you most approve,
 And Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Will bless me with her love.
 And Chloe, &c.

SONG

S O N G 188.

YOUNG Collin was the bonniest swain,
 That ever pip'd on flow'ry plain,
 Or danc'd upon the lee :
 The wanton kid, in gamesome bound,
 That frolicks o'er the turfy ground,
 Was not so blythe as he.

Beneath the oak, in yonder dale,
 You'd think you heard the nightingale,
 Whene'er he rais'd his voice :
 But ah ! the youth was all deceit,
 His vows, his oaths, were all a cheat,
 And choice succeeded choice.

The maidens sung in willow groves,
 Of Collin's false and perjur'd loves ;
 Here Jenny told her woes :
 And Moggy's tears increas'd the brook,
 Whose cheeks like dying lillies look,
 That once out-blush'd the rose.

Unhappy fair ! my words believe,
 So shall no swain your hopes deceive,
 And leave you to despair :
 E'er he disclose his fickle mind,
 Change first yourselves, for ah ! you'll find
 False Collin's every where.

S O N G 189.

WHAT care I for affairs of state,
 Or who is rich, or who is great ?
 How far abroad th'ambitious roam,
 To bring our gold and silver home ?

What

What is't to me if France or Spain
Consent to peace, or war maintain ?

I pay my taxes peace or war,
And wish all well at Gibraltar :
But mind the cardinal no more
Than any other scarlet whore.
Grant me, ye pow'rs, but health and rest,
And let who will the world contest.

Near some smooth stream, Oh ! let me keep
My liberty, and feed my sheep :
A garden with a range of bees,
A shady walk well lin'd with trees ;
An orchard which good apples bears,
Where spring a long green mantle wears ;
Where winters never are severe ;
Good barley-lands to make good beer ;
With entertainment for a friend,
To spend in peace my latter end,
In honesty and home-spun grey ;
And let the ev'ning crown the day.

S O N G 190.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to
be seen,

And the meadows their beauty have lost :
When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the streams are fast bound with the frost.

While the peasant inactive stands shiv'ring with cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow,
And the innocent flock run for ease to the fold,
With their fleeces besprinkled with snow.

In

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
 And they send forth their breath like a steam ;
 And the neat looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw
 Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream.

When the sweet country-maiden as fresh as a rose,
 As she carelessly trips, often slides,
 And the rusticks laugh loud, if by falling she shews
 All the charms that her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,
 In a croud round the embers are met,
 Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
 And of ghosts till they're all in a sweat.

Heav'n grant in this season it may be my lot,
 With the nymph whom I love and admire,
 While the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,
 I may thither in safety retire !

Where in neatness and quiet, and free from surprise,
 We may live and no hardships endure :
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
 But such as each other may cure.

S O N G 191.

BY the gaily-circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass ;
 By the hellow cask we're told
 How the waning night grows old.
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sports away ;
 What have we with day to do ?
 Sons of care, 'twas made for you,
 Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

S O N G

SONG 192.

HAD I but the wings of a dove,
 Enraptur'd I'd hasten away,
 And quickly repair to my love,
 Whose beauties enliven the day :
 Bring soon from the hamlets again,
 Ye gods, her I ask for, a wife ;
 Without her I'm ever in pain,
 And relish no pleasures in life.
 Ah ! cruel decree of hard fate,
 To keep me so long from my fair ;
 Come, pity my desolate state,
 And banish all thoughts of despair :
 With her, O what scenes I enjoy,
 Of mirth and good humour all day :
 Such blessings, as never will cloy,
 Nor cease till our souls leave the clay.

SONG 193.

DID you see e'er a shepherd, ye nymphs, pass
 this way,
 Crown'd with myrtles, and all the gay verdure
 of May :
 'Tis my Strephon, oh ! bring him once more to
 my eyes,
 From his Lucy in search of new pleasures he flies :
 All the day have I travell'd and toil'd o'er the
 plains,
 In pursuit of a rebel, that's scarce worth my
 pains ;
 In pursuit of a rebel that's scarce worth my pains.

R

Take

Take care, maids, take care, when he flatters
and swears,

How you trust your own eyes, or believe your
own ears ;

Like the rose-bud in June, e'ery hand he'll
invite,

And wound the kind heart, like a thorn out of
fight,

And, trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd de-
tains,

She will find him a conquest that's scarce worth
her pains.

Three months at my feet did he languish and
figh

E'er he gain'd a kind look or a tender reply ;
Love, honour, and truth, were the themes that he
sung,

And he vow'd that his heart was a-kin to his
tongue.

Too soon I believ'd and replied to his strains,
And gave him too frankly my heart for his
pains.

The trifle once gain'd, like a child at its play,
Soon the wanton grew weary, and threw it away.
Now cloy'd with my love from my arms does
he fly

In search of another as silly as I.

But trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd de-
tains,

She will find him a conquest that's scarce worth
her pains.

Beware

Beware, all ye nymphs how you footh the fond
 flame;
 And believe me in time, all the sex are the
 same;
 Like my Strephon, from beauty to beauty will
 range,
 Like him they will flatter, dissemble, and change;
 And, when we've done all, still this maxim re-
 mains,
 That a man when we've got him, is scarce worth
 our pains.

S O N G 194.

NEAR Gosport's pleasant town
 There lives a lovely lass,
 O! were she but my own,
 How sweetly life would pass.
 No frowns of foes or friends,
 Should e'er my bliss annoy;
 Her smiles would make amends,
 And heighten ev'ry joy.
 Like Flora's rural scene,
 Her native beauties charm;
 Like her when dress'd serene,
 My gentle heart they warm;
 Her wit with sense is crown'd,
 So pleasing is her talk,
 The list'ning swains around
 Forget their ev'ning walk.
 Wealth, liberty and ease,
 Seem tasteless, and are void
 Of any pow'r to please,
 Except with her enjoy'd.

Is there, ye fates above,
 Ordain'd for me a fair?
 Indulgent crown my love,
 And make me blest in her.

S O N G 195.

SPRING renewing, all things gay,
 Nature's dictates all obey;
 In each creature we may see
 The effect of love's decree:

Thus their state, such their fate,
 Do not, Polly, stay too late,
 Do not, Polly, stay too late,

Look around and see them play,
 All are wanton while they may;
 Why should precious time be lost?
 After summer comes a frost:

All pursue nature's due,
 Let us, Polly, do so too,
 Let us, &c.

Mark! how kind that swain and lass!
 Yonder sitting on the grass;
 See how earnestly he sues,
 Whilst she blushing can't refuse:

See yon two how they woo,
 Let us, Polly, do so too,
 Let us, &c.

Mark that cloud above the plain,
 See! it seems to threaten rain;
 Herds and flocks do run together,
 Seeking shelter from the weather:

Fear not you, I'll be true,
 Therefore let us do so too,
 Therefore let us do so too.

S O N G 196.

WHilst youth and beauty join to please,
 The present blifs enjoy,
 Youth flies, and beauty soon decays,
 And time on ev'ry charm will seize,
 Then, Celia, be not coy.

Behold the lilly as it grows,
 White as thy snowy breast,
 Observe the fragrant blushing rose,
 Such rival sweets thy lips disclose,
 View these and make me blest.

When nature's in her best array,
 In spring's gay robe attir'd;
 When smiling Phœbus gilds the day,
 Like thee they shine, like thee look gay,
 And are like thee admir'd.

But when bleak winter's chilling shade
 Deforms the gloomy sky;
 Their bloom decays, their glories fade,
 Low is their pride of beauty laid,
 They droop their head and die.

S O N G 197.

WHEN Damon first my eyes beheld,
 My heart with secret transport thrill'd,
 And pit-a-pat it went :

R 3

Young,

Young, artless, innocent and shy,
So unexperienc'd was I,
I wonder'd what it meant.

Whene'er I met him on the plain,
He'd kiss me, sigh, and kiss again,
And sweetest tales invent :
And then he'd tell me he must die ;
But as I saw no danger nigh,
I wonder'd what it meant.

To nymphs, whom years had wiser made,
I told the tender things he said,
And of his sad complaint :
Full well the tender things they knew,
For they like me, had heard them too,
Nor wonder'd what they meant.

They answer'd love had touch'd my heart :
That Damon, by his sex's art,
Might cause me to repent ;
And that I should desire the swain,
To tell me, when we met again,
If he to wed me meant.

Rejoic'd such good advice to find,
I trip'd, to let him know my mind,
Across the mead intent :
I told him, did he not design,
With me in Hymen's bands to join,
I wonder'd what he meant.

The youth whose love was aw'd with fear,
Grew raptur'd, such sweet sounds to hear :
Straight to the church we went.—

How wise we all by marriage grow !
 Tho' foolish once, yet now I know,
 I know what Damon meant.

S O N G 198.

CLeora sat beneath a shade,
 Her wanton flocks forgot to play ;
 Then listen to the lovely maid,
 Whilst thus she mourns her shepherd's stay.
 Sure time and love are both asleep,
 Or Dorus wou'd his promise keep :
 Haste gentle shepherd, hither move,
 And we'll awake both time and love.

Sure time and love are both asleep,
 Or Dorus wou'd his promise keep,
 Haste gentle shepherd, hither move,
 And we'll awake both time and love.

Dorus wing'd with soft desire,
 Came hast'ning o'er the neighb'ring plain :
 Approaching joys the maid inspires,
 And thus she meets her panting swain.
 Fly care and anguish far away,
 While pleasures bless this happy day ;
 Let e'ery shepherd joyful be,
 And ev'ry pair as blest as we.

Fly care and anguish far away,
 While pleasures bless this happy day ;
 Let e'ery shepherd joyful be,
 And ev'ry pair as blest as we.

SONG

S O N G 199.

LET me wander not unseen
 By hedge-row elm, or willow green ;
 There the plowman near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land ;
 There the plowman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land ;
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe ;
 While ev'ry shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the vale ;
 While ev'ry shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the vale.

S O N G 200.

YE nymphs who know the pleasing smart,
 The gentle-feeling pains,
 When love informs the glowing heart,
 And darts along the veins,
 Direct an unexperienc'd fair,
 To shun the soft alluring snare,
 And conquer the arts of my Strephon.
 Screen'd from the sun's too-powerful ray,
 In yonder conscious shade,
 I'll sing a pity-moving lay
 Of some too-cruel maid :
 And in the language of my eyes
 I'll read the thoughts I would disguise
 Oh ! what can I think of my Strephon ?

The

The genial spring adorns the groves ;

The kids and lambkins play ;

The warblers tell their little loves,

On ev'ry blooming spray :

He cry'd, can Chloe see all this,

And not consent to toy and kifs ?

Oh ! what can I think of my Strephon ?

His voice delights my list'ning ear,

His graceful mein my eye ;

I blush, when I behold him near ;

When'er he's absent, sigh :

Then an't I in a hopeful way ?

For sure the victor of the day

Will be all-conquering Strephon.

S O N G 201.

DEclare, my pretty maid,

Must my fond suit miscarry ?

With you I'll toy, I'll kifs and play ;

But hang me, if I marry.

Then speak your mind at once,

Nor let me longer tarry ;

With you I'll toy, I'll kifs and play ;

But hang me, if I marry,

Tho' charms and wit assail,

The stroke I well can parry ;

I love to kifs, to toy and play,

But do not choose to marry.

Young Molly of the dale

Makes a mere slave of Harry ;

Because when they had toy'd and kifs'd,

The foolish swain wou'd marry.

These

These fix'd resolves, my dear,
 I to the grave will carry ;
 With you I'll toy, and kifs and play ;
 But hang me, if I marry.

S O N G 202.

He. **W**Hilst I, with many a pleasing kifs,
 My Flora's bosom preſt ;
 So long I liv'd in perfect bliſs,
 No monarch half ſo bleſt.

She. While you your love to me confin'd,
 Nor lov'd another more ;
 Till you to Chloe was more kind,
 I ne'er knew grief before.

He. Now Chloe with her voice and lyre
 Has made my heart her ſlave ;
 For whom I'd ſuffer ſword or fire,
 Her precious life to ſave.

She. For lovely Collin now I ſigh,
 And mutual love receive :
 For whom I'd ſuffer twice to die,
 Provided he could live.

He. But ſhould our former love return,
 And bring a ſtronger chain ;
 Should I for Chloe ceaſe to burn,
 And ſeek my dear again.

She. Altho' he's brighter than the ſun,
 And you unconstant fly ;
 Life's courſe with thee I'd freely run,
 With thee I'd live and die.

SONG 203. On SNUFF.

When strong perfumes and noisome scents
 The suff'ring nose invade ;
 Snuff, best of Indian weed, presents
 Its salutary aid.

When vapours swim before the eyes,
 And cloud the dizzy brain,
 Snuff, to dispel the mist, applies
 Its quick enliv'ning grain.

When pensively we sit, or walk,
 Each social friend away,
 Snuff best supplies the want of talk,
 And cheers the lonely day.

The hand, like alabaster fair,
 The diamond's sparkling pride,
 Can ne'er so gracefully appear,
 If snuff should be deny'd.

Nature, in vain, on distant rocks
 Pour'd forth her ambient store,
 To form the curious polish'd box,
 Should snuff be us'd no more.

Ev'n commerce (name of sweetest sound
 To ev'ry British ear)
 Must suffering droop, should snuff be found
 Unworthy of our care.

The smallest pinch of snuff we take
 Helps trade in some degree ;
 The smallest drops of water, make
 The vast unbounded sea,

Think,

Think, fir, for fure, that reafon beft
 Will move the noble mind ;
 Think, that in granting my request
 You benefit mankind.

S O N G 204.

GO happy paper, gently steal,
 And underneath her pillow lie ;
 There, in foft dreams, my love reveal ;
 That love which I muft ftill conceal :
 And, wrapt in awful filence, die.
 Should flames be doom'd thy haplefs fate,
 To atoms thou wou'dft quickly turn ;
 My pains may bear a longer date,
 For fhould I live, and fhould ſhe hate,
 In endlefs torments I fhould burn.
 Tell fair Aurelia ſhe has charms
 Might, in a hermit, fir deſire :
 T'attain the heav'n that's in her arms,
 I'd quit the world's alluring charms,
 And to a cell content retire.
 Of all that pleas'd my raviſh'd eye,
 Her beauty ſhould ſupply the place :
 Bold Raphael's ſtrokes, and Titian dye,
 Should but in vain preſume to vie
 With her inimitable face.
 No more I'd wiſh for Phœbus' rays,
 To gild the object of my fight :
 Much leſs, the Taper's faintly blaze,
 Her eyes ſhould meaſure out my days,
 And when ſhe ſlept, it ſhould be night.

SONG 205.

NATURE for defence affords
 Fins to fish, and wings to birds,
 Hoofs to horses, claws to bears,
 Swiftneſs to the fearful hares.

Man's endow'd with art and ſenſe ;
 What has woman for defence ?
 Beauty is her ſhield and arms,
 Women's weapons are their charms.

Beauty's power makes us feel
 Deeper wounds than thoſe of ſteel ;
 Strength and wit before it fall,
 Beauty triumphs over all.

SONG 206.

FILL me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
 Large as my capacious ſoul ;
 Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
 Large as my capacious ſoul :
 Vaſt as my thirſt is, let it have
 Depth enough to be my grave ;
 I mean the grave of all my care,
 For I deſign to bury't there.

Let it of ſilver faſhion'd be,
 Worthy of wine, worthy of me,
 Worthy to adorn the ſpheres,
 As that bright cup amongſt the ſtars,
 Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
 Large as my capacious ſoul.

S

SONG

S O N G 207.

WHEN Britain first, at heav'n's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain :
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
 Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall ;
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves :
 Britons never will be slaves.

Should war, should faction shake thy isle,
 And sink to poverty and shame ;
 Heav'n still shall on Britannia smile,
 Restore her wealth, and raise her name.
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves :
 Britons never will be slaves.

As the loud blast, that tears thy skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak ;
 Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 From foreign, from domestic stroke.
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves :
 Britons never will be slaves.

How blest the prince, reserv'd by fate,
 In adverse days to mount thy throne !
 Renew thy once triumphant state,
 And on thy grandeur build his own !
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves :
 Britons never will be slaves.

His race shall long, in times to come,
 So heav'n ordains, thy sceptre wield,
 Rever'd abroad, belov'd at home,
 And be at once thy sword and shield.
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves :
 Britons never will be slaves.

S O N G 208.

ASK me not how calmly I
 All the cares of life defy :
 How I baffle human woes,
 Woman, woman, woman knows.

You may live and laugh as I,
 You, like me, may cares defy ;
 All the pangs the heart endures,
 Woman, woman, woman cures.

Ask me not of empty toys,
 Feats of arms, and drunken joys ;
 I have pleasure more divine,
 Woman, woman, woman's mine.

Raptures more than folly knows,
 More than fortune e'er bestows,
 Flowing bowls, and conquer'd fields,
 Woman, woman, woman yields.

Ask me not of woman's arts,
 Broken vows, and faithless hearts ;
 Tell the wretch who pines and grieves,
 Woman, woman, woman lives,

All delights the heart can know,
 More than folly can bestow,

Hi Wealth of worlds, and crowns of kings,
 Woman, woman, woman brings.

SONG

SONG 209.

'TIS now, since I sat down before
 That foolish fort, a heart,
 (Time strangely spent !) a year or more,
 And still I did my part ;

Made my approaches, from her hand
 Unto her lip did rise ;
 And did already understand
 The language of her eyes.

Proceeding on with so much art,
 My tongue was engineer ;
 I thought to undermine the heart,
 By whisp'ring in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
 Great cannon-oaths, and shot
 A thousand thousand to the town,
 And yet it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the place,
 By cutting off all kisses,
 Praising and gazing on her face,
 And all such little blisses.

To draw her out and from her strength,
 I drew all batt'ries in ;
 And brought myself to lie, at length,
 As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man cou'd do,
 And thought the place my own,
 The enemy lay quiet too,
 And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know from whence and where,

These hopes and this relief:

A spy inform'd—Honour was there,

And did command in chief.

March, march, quoth I, the word strait give;

Let's lose no time, but leave her:

That giant upon air will live,

And hold it out for ever.

To such a place our camp remove

As will no siege abide;

I hate a fool that starves her love,

Only to feed her pride.

SONG 210. *Sung at VAUXHALL.*

OH! how could I venture to love one like thee,
Or thou not despise a poor conquest like me;
On lords thy admirers could'st look with disdain,
And tho' I was nothing yet pity my pain!

You said, while they teaz'd you with nonsense and
drefs,

When real the passion, the vanity's less;

You saw thro' that silence which others despise,

And, while beaux were talking, read love in my
eyes.

Oh! when shall I fold you and kiss all your charms,

Till fainting with pleasure, I die in your arms;

Thro' all the wild raptures of extasy tost,

Till sinking together, together we're lost?

Oh! where is the maid that like thee ne'er can cloy

Whose wit can enliven the dull pause of joy;

And when the short transports are all at an end,
 From beautiful mistress, turn sensible friend ?
 In vain could I praise you, or strive to reveal,
 Too nice for expression, what only we feel ;
 In all that you do, in each look and each mien,
 The Graces in waiting adorn you unseen.
 When I see you, I love you, but hearing adore ;
 I wonder, and think you a woman no more ;
 Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
 And, kissing those lips, you grow woman again.
 With thee in my bosom, how can I despair ?
 I'll gaze on thy beauty, and look away care ;
 I'll ask thy advice when with trouble oppress'd,
 Which never displeases, yet always is best.
 In all that I write, I'll thy judgment require ;
 Thy taste shall correct what thy love did inspire :
 I'll kiss thee and press thee, till youth is all o'er,
 And then live on friendship, when passion's no
 more.

S O N G 211.

WHERE is pleasure, tell me where,
 What can touch my breast with joy ?
 All round the spacious sphere,
 Let her muse my search employ.
 Wealth, thy shining stores produce,
 Heap'd in golden mountains rise ;
 Thee let senseless misers chuse,
 Thou can ne'er allure my eyes.

Honour

Honour, let thy chariot roll,
 Deck'd with titles, pageants, arms ;
 Thou may'st charm th'ambitious soul,
 But for me thou hast no charms.

Ruddy Bacchus, try thy power,
 Gayly laugh astride thy tun ;
 Thee let frantic bards adore,
 Pleasure thou for me hast none.

Only Delia, gentle fair,
 Can thy precious boon bestow :
 Give, ye Pow'rs, O give me her !
 She's the All I ask below.

S O N G 212.

ONE kind kifs before we part,
 Drop a tear and bid adieu ;
 Though we sever, my fond heart,
 'Till we meet, shall pant for you.
 'Till we meet, shall pant for you,
 shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so my love,
 Let me kifs that falling tear ;
 Though my body must remove,
 All my soul will still be here,
 All my soul will still be here,
 will still be here.

All my soul, and all my heart,
 And every wish shall pant for you ;
 One kind kifs before we part,
 Drop a tear and bid adieu.
 Drop a tear and bid adieu,
 and bid adieu.

SONG

S O N G 213.

WHEN Sol was at rest
 On Thetis's breast,
 And evening grew dusky and brown ;
 E'er Dian the fair
 Had gilded her hair,
 And put on her straw-colour'd gown :
 When Dolly had now
 Done milking her cow,
 And Roger return'd o'er the mead ;
 He spy'd an old wight
 In pitiful plight,
 Leaning sad on the neck of his steed.
 His hand did sustain
 A taper or twain,
 Full trimly encircled with horn ;
 It shone on the ground
 Some paces around,
 As bright as the star of the morn.
 While Roger survey'd
 This meagre old blade,
 He heard a most sorrowful cry :
 Whoever you are,
 Catch hold——any where,
 And help me out quick, or I die.
 He turn'd at the found,
 And instantly found
 A coach with its wheels in the air ;
 The wares it contain'd,
 In language unfeign'd,
 Next stanza shall partly declare.



Eight legs stood upright,
 All cloathed in white,
 With shoes both of silk and of leather ;
 And nought else was seen,
 Either scarlet or green,
 To save their fair skins from the weather.

With wond'rous surprize
 Roger feasted his eyes,
 And view'd each particular feature ;
 But the Muse is too coy
 To describe what the boy
 Could discern of the secrets of nature.

Whatever delight
 Roger took in the sight,
 He freed the fair ladies from danger ;
 Who blush'd as they rose,
 And stroak'd down their cloaths,
 And bless'd the kind aid of the stranger.

S O N G 214.

WHEN fond you Damon's charms recite,
 And in that pleasing name delight,
 And in that pleasing name delight,
 My heart inflam'd by jealous heats,
 With silent strong resentment beats ;
 From my pale cheek the colour flies,
 And all the Man within me dies,
 And all the Man within me dies.
 By turns my hidden grief appears,
 In rising sighs and falling tears,
 In rising sighs, &c.

That

That shew too well the warm desires,
 The silent, slow consuming fires,
 Which on my inmost vitals prey,
 And melt my very soul away;
 And melt, &c.

S O N G 215.

THE new-flown birds, the shepherds sing,
 And welcome in the May;
 Come, Pastorella, now the spring
 Makes every landskip gay;
 Wide-spreading trees their leafy shade
 O'er half the plain extend,
 Or in reflecting fountains play'd
 Their quivering branches bend,
 Their quivering branches bend.
 Come, taste the season in its prime,
 And bless the rising year:
 Oh! how my soul grows sick of time,
 Till thou, my love, appear.
 Then shall I pass the gladsome day,
 Warm in thy beauty's shine,
 When thy dear flocks shall feed and play,
 And intermix with mine,
 And intermix with mine.
 For thee, of doves a milk-white pair
 In filken bands I hold;
 For thee a firstling lambkin fair
 I keep within the fold:

If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
 Or tender lambkins please,
 My spotless heart without deceit
 Be offered up with these,
 Be offered up with these.

S O N G 216.

HOW giddy is youth ! yet above all advice :
 You counsel, and counsel in vain :
 I've try'd what is wedlock, and like it so well
 That I'll never be marry'd again.
 The spouse that I pitch'd on was comely and
 young,
 And sweet as the flow'rs of the plain :
 She was wise, as they tell me ; perhaps it might be ;
 But I'll never be marry'd again.
 I saw the poor creature laid deep in the grave ;
 My tears they came pouring like rain :
 But as sun-shine, you know, will foul weather suc-
 ceed,
 I quickly recover'd again.
 Like the castles of fairies, it seems to the sight ;
 And fancy indulges the rein :
 But alas ! when you try it, 'tis all a mere bite,
 And the same dull tale over again.

S O N G 217.

HOW happy's the lover whose cares are no
 more :
 Who bids an adieu to all sorrow !
 My griefs are all hush'd, and my torments are o'er,
 For I shall be happy to-morrow.

Each flow'ret of spring that enamels the ground,
 From you ev'ry charm seems to borrow :
 Then who will so blest or so happy be found,
 As I with my Daphne to-morrow.

I never am happy but when in your sight ;
 Your smiles are the cure of all sorrow :
 Remember, dear Daphne, your promise to-night,
 And I shall be happy to-morrow.

S O N G 218.

F R O M the court to the cottage convey me
 away,
 For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call gay:
 Where pride without measure,
 And pomp without pleasure,
 Make life in a circle of hurry decay.
 Far remote and retir'd from the noise of the town,
 I'll exchange my brocade for a plain russet gown;
 My friends shall be few
 But well chosen and true,
 And sweet recreation our evening shall crown.
 With a rural repast, a rich banquet for me,
 On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree,
 The river's clear brink
 Shall afford me my drink,
 And temp'rance my friendly physician shall be.
 Ever calm and serene, with contentment still blest,
 Not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow deprest,
 I'll neither invoke,
 Or repine at death's stroke,
 But retire from the world, as I would to my rest.

S O N G

S O N G 219.

ARTIST, who underneath my table
 Thy curious texture hast display'd,
 Who, if we may believe the fable,
 Wert once a lovely blooming maid.

Insidious, restless, watchful Spider,
 Fear no officious damsel's broom ;
 Extend thy labour'd structures wider,
 And spread thy banners round my room.

While I the wond'rous fabrick stare at,
 I think of hapless Poet's fate,
 Like thee confin'd to lonely garret,
 And rudely banish'd rooms of state.

And as from out thy tortur'd body
 Thou draw'st thy slender Thread with pain,
 So does he labour like a noddie,
 To spin materials from his brain :

He for some tawdry flutt'ring creature,
 That spreads her charms before his eye :
 And that's a conquest little better
 Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

Thus far 'tis plain you both agree,
 Your death perhaps may better show it ;
 'Tis ten to one but penury
 Ends both the Spider and the Poet.

S O N G 220.

THE man who best can danger dare,
 Is most deserving of the fair :

T

The

The bold and brave we women prize,
 The whining slave we all despise,
 The whining slave we all despise.

Let coxcombs flatter, cringe, and lie;
 Pretend to languish, pine, and die:
 Such men of words my scorn shall be,
 The man of deeds is the man for me,
 The man of deeds is the man for me.

S O N G 221.

OH ! say, what is that thing call'd light,
 Which I can ne'er enjoy ?
 What are the blessings of the sight ?
 Oh tell your poor blind boy.

You talk of wond'rous things you see,
 You say the sun shines bright;
 I feel him warm, but how can he
 Or make it day or night ?

My day and night myself I make
 Whene'er I sleep or play ;
 And could I ever keep awake,
 With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hopeleſs woe ;
 But ſure with patience I may bear
 A loſs I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind deſtroy :
 While thus I ſing I am a king,
 Although a poor blind boy.

S O N G

S O N G 222.

OH, true CONTENT ! secure from harms,
 What's all the world without thy charms ?
 Which still allure to rest ;
 Compar'd therewith, all earthly joys
 Are empty, fading, trifling toys ;
 In thee mankind is blest.

Bereft of thee, not monarchs have
 Such pleasures as the meanest slave,
 To whom thou giv'st relief ;
 Tho' subjects shew profound respect,
 Nor duty wilfully neglect,
 Thy absence causes grief.

When thou art banish'd from the mind,
 Frail mortals vainly are inclin'd
 To pride and avarice,
 Lasciviousness, idolatry,
 Thefts, murders, and adultery,
 With ev'ry other vice.

But where thou reign'st, there's solid peace ;
 Thro' thee true virtue does increase ;
 Thy countenance expels
 The gloomy prospects of despair ;
 It dissipates all slavish fear,
 With whomsoever it dwells.

Come then, thou pleasing Beauty bright !
 Reside with me, both day and night ;
 Display thy lovely charms :
 Be thou diffus'd within my breast,
 And let me still securely rest,
 Infolded in thy arms.

Thro' all the various scenes of life,
 Preserve me free from envious strife,
 On Heav'n still to rely
 For true protecting aid ; and when
 Time terminates in death. Oh ! then,
 To thee, oh Heav'n ! to fly.

S O N G 223.

SEE I languish, see I faint
 I must borrow, beg, or steal ;
 Can you see a soul in want,
 And no kind compassion feel.
 Give, or lend, or let me take,
 One sweet kiss, I ask no more ;
 One sweet kiss, for pity's sake,
 I'll repay it o'er and o'er.
 I'll repay, &c.

Chloe heard, and with a smile,
 Kind, compassionate, and sweet ;
 Collin it's a sin to steal,
 And for me to give's not meet :
 But I'll lend a kiss or twain
 To poor Collin in distress,
 Not that I'll be paid again ;
 Collin, I mean nothing less.

SONG 224. *Inchantment, by Mr. Otway.*

I Did but look and love a-while,
 'Twas but for one half hour ;
 Then to resist I had no Will,
 And now I have no Power.

To

To sigh, and wish, is all my ease ;
Sighs, which do Heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldest Ice,
Yet cannot warm your Heart.

O ! would your pity give my Heart,
One corner of your Breast ;
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
And quickly steal the rest.

S O N G 225.

AMINTOR.

PASTORA's come, with myrtle crown'd,
To bless her fond Amintor's side,
To bless her fond Amintor's side ;
The sun, in his extensive round,
Ne'er saw so sweet, so fair a bride,
Ne'er saw so sweet, so fair a bride.

PASTORA.

If to be true is sweet and fair,
Pastora with Lucinda vies,
Pastora, &c.
And sweeter she than is the air,
That fleets beneath Arabian skies,
That fleets, &c.

AMINTOR.

The fields and groves, each hill and vale,
Have witness'd to my faithful vow,
Have witness'd, &c.
Long had I sigh'd my am'rous tale,
But ev'ry care's requited now,
But ev'ry, &c.

PASTORA.

Without a blush I here repeat
 What to the Nymphs I told before,
 What to the nymphs, &c.
 For thee my tender heart does beat,
 Possess'd of thee I ask no more,
 Possess'd of thee, &c.

AMINTOR.

Thus with this wreath I crown thy brows,
 And with this kiss my love I seal,
 And with this kiss, &c.
 And may I when I break my vows,
 The pangs of tortured lovers feel,
 The pangs, &c.

PASTORA.

Should I, ungrateful to my swain,
 Afflict him with domestic strife,
 Afflict him, &c.
 May I be driv'n from the plain
 By ev'ry virtuous maid and wife,
 By ev'ry, &c.

SONG 226.

Farewel, my Pastora, no longer your swain,
 Quite sick of his bondage, can suffer his chain,
 Nay, arm not your brow with such haughty disdain,

My heart leaps with joy to be free once again.
 Sing tol derol derol derol, tol lol derol lol lol.
 Sing tol derol lol tol derol derol.

I'll live like the birds, those sweet tenants of May
 Who always are sportful, who always are gay :
 How

How sweetly their sonnets they carol all day ?
 Their love is but frolick, their courtship but play,
 Sing tol, derol, &c.

If struck by a beauty they ne'er saw before,
 In chirping soft notes they her pity implore :
 She yields to intreaty ; and when the fits o'er,
 'Tis a hundred to ten that they never meet more.
 Sing tol derol, &c.

SONG 227.

WHEN love and youth cannot make way,
 Nor with the fair avail
 To bend to Cupid's gentle sway,
 What art can then prevail ?
 What art can then prevail ?

I'll tell thee, Strephon, a receipt
 Of a most sovereign pow'r ;
 If you the stubborn would defeat,
 Let drop a golden shower,
 Let drop, &c.

This method try'd enamour'd Jove,
 Before he could obtain
 The cold regardless Danae's love,
 Or conquer her disdain,
 Or conquer, &c.

By Cupid's self I have been told,
 He never wounds a heart
 So deep as when he tips with gold
 The fatal piercing dart,
 The fatal, &c.

S O N G 228.

DEAR Sally, thy charms have undone me,
 They have robb'd me of freedom and joy;
 Then dearest, sweet Sally, smile on me,
 For death is my fate if thou'rt coy :
 Be cautious, dear charmer, in slaying,
 Since murder's so heinous, comply ;
 And torture me not with delaying
 What ev'ry cross chit can deny.
 Consider, my angel, why nature
 In forming you took such delight ;
 Don't think you were made that fair creature
 For nought but to dazzle the sight :
 No ; Jove, when he gave you those graces,
 Intended you wholly for love ;
 And gave you the fairest of faces,
 The kindest of females to prove.

Besides, pretty maiden, remember,
 The flower that's blooming in May
 Is wither'd and shrunk in December,
 And cast unregarded away :
 So it fares with each scornful young charmer,
 Who takes at her lover distaste ;
 She trifles till thirty disarm her,
 And then dies forsaken at last.

S O N G 229.

BLOW on ye winds, descend soft rain,
 To sooth my tender woes ;
 Your solemn music lulls my pain,
 And gives me short repose.

The

The sun that makes all nature gay,
 Disturbs my weary'd eyes ;
 And in dark shades I waste the day,
 Where Echo sleeping lies.

Then pity me, O gentle Love,
 And come to my relief ;
 Lest innocence and virtue prove
 A sacrifice to grief.

S O N G 230.

DEAR Collin, prevent my warm blushes,
 Since how can I speak without pain ?
 My eyes have oft told you my wishes ;
 Oh can't you their meaning explain ?
 My passion would lose by expression
 And you too might cruelly blame ;
 Then don't you expect a confession
 Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the province of speaking,
 Why should you expect it from me ?
 Our wishes should be in our keeping,
 Till you tell us what they should be.
 Then quickly why don't you discover ?
 Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,
 Eyes need not tell over and over
 What I in my bosom confine.

S O N G 231.

DEAR Madam, when ladies are willing,
 A Man must needs look like a fool ;
 For me, I would not give a shilling
 For one that can love out of rule :

At least you should wait for our offers,
 Nor snatch like old maids in despair;
 If you've have liv'd till these years without proffers;
 Your sighs are now lost in the air.
 You should leave us to guess at your blushing,
 And not speak the matter too plain;
 'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,
 And yours to affect a disdain.
 That you're in a terrible taking,
 By all your fond ogling I see;
 But the fruit that will fall without shaking,
 Indeed, is too mellow for me.

SONG 232.

ZEPHYRS spread your purple pinions;
 Tune Florella's soul to love:
 Breathe ambrosial fragrance round her,
 While she decks the proud alcove.
 Purl ye crystal streams and fountains,
 Lull to rest her weary eyes,
 Sol dispel thy beams
 While the fair one dreams
 How enamour'd Strephon dies.
 Haste, oh! haste, ye feathered songsters,
 Haste to each surrounding spray;
 With your blithe and tuneful sonnets,
 Hail the beauteous queen of May.
 Cupid, from thy airy region,
 View her marble neck and breast,
 Quickly send a dart,
 To the fair-one's heart,
 And procure my lasting rest.

SONG

S O N G 233.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And Celia has undone me ;
 And yet, I swear, I can't tell how
 The pleasing flame stole on me.
 'Tis not her face that love creates,
 For there no graces revel ;
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates,
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
 Have rather been uncivil,
 Have rather been uncivil.
 'Tis not her air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common ;
 And all her sense is only chat,
 Like any other woman.
 Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm ;
 'Tis both perhaps, or neither :
 In short, 'tis that provoking charm,
 In short, 'tis that provoking charm
 Of Cælia all together,
 Of Cælia all together.

S O N G 234.

I Seek not at once in a female to find
 The form of a Venus with Pallas's mind ;
 Let the fair one I love have but prudence in view,
 That tho' she deceive, I may still think her true.
 Be her person not beauteous, but pleasing and clean ;
 Let her temper be cloudless, and open her mien ;
By

By folly, ill-nature, nor vanity led,
Nor indebted to paint,—nor indebted to paint,
For white or for red,—for white or for red.

May her tongue, that dread weapon of most of the
sex,

Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex;
Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest,
For prudes I despise, and coquettes I detest.

May her humour the taste of the company hit,
Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her wit.
Go find out the maid that is form'd on my plan,
And I'll love her for ever,—and I'll love her for
ever,

I mean, if I can,—I mean, if I can.

S O N G 235.

WHILST on thy dear bosom lying,
Celia who can speak my bliss!

Who the rapture I'm enjoying,
When thy balmy lips I kiss!

Ev'ry look with love inspires me,

Ev'ry touch my bosom warms,

Ev'ry melting murmur fires me,

Ev'ry joy is in thy arms.

Those dear eyes how soft they languish :

Feel my heart with rapture beat ;

Pleasure turns almost to anguish,

When the transport is so sweet ;

Look not so divinely on me,

Celia I shall die with bliss ;

Yet, yet turn not those eyes from me,

Who'd not die a death like this ?

S O N G 236.

A Ssist me ev'ry tuneful bard,
 Oh, lend me all your skill,
 In choicest lays, that I may praise,
 Dear Nanny of the hill,
 Sweet Nanny, dear Nanny,
 Sweet Nanny of the hill.

How gay the glitt'ring beam of morn,
 That gilds the chrystal rill;
 But far more bright than morning light,
 Shines Nanny of the hill,
 Dear Nanny, shines Nanny,
 Dear Nanny of the hill.

The gayest flow'r so fair of late,
 The ev'ning damps will kill,
 But ev'ry day, more fresh and gay,
 Blooms Nanny of the hill,
 Sweet Nanny, blooms Nanny,
 Sweet Nanny of the hill.

Old time arrests his rapid flight,
 And keeps his motion still,
 Resolv'd to spare, a face so fair,
 As Nanny's of the hill,
 Dear Nanny's, sweet Nanny's,
 Dear Nanny's of the hill.

To form my charmer, nature has
 Exerted all her skill,
 Wit, beauty, truth, and rosy youth,
 Deck Nanny of the hill,
 Deck Nanny, sweet Nanny,
 Dear Nanny of the hill.

U

And

And now around the festive board
 The jovial bumpers fill,
 Each take his glass to my dear lass
 Sweet Nanny of the hill,
 Dear Nanny, sweet Nanny,
 Dear Nanny of the hill.

S O N G 237.

Invitation to the CHACE.

Sung by Mr. LOWE at VAUXHALL Gar-
dens.

RECITATIVE.

Hark the horn calls,—away !
 Come the grave ; come the gay ;
 'Wake to music that 'wakens the skies ;
 Quit the bondage of sloth and arise.

S O N G.

From the east breaks the morn,
 See the sun-beams adorn
 The wild heath, and the mountains so high !
 Shrilly ope's the staunch hound,
 The steed neighs to the sound,
 And the floods and the valleys reply.
 Our fore-fathers so good,
 Prov'd their greatness of blood,
 By encount'ring the pard and the boar ;
 Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
 Age and youth urg'd the chase,
 And taught woodlands and forrests to roar.

Hence

Hence of noble descent,
 Hills and dales we frequent,
 When the bosom of nature's reveal'd ;
 Tho' in life's busy day,
 Man of man makes a prey,
 Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chase full in fight,
 God's ! how great the delight !
 How our mortal sensations refine !
 Where is care ? where is fear ?
 Like the winds, in the air,
 And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse, my brave boys,
 Lo each pants for the joys,
 That anon shall enliven the whole !
 Then at eve we'll dismount,
 Toils and pleasures recount,
 And renew the chase over the bowl.

S O N G 238.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and
 my pride,
 I always have boasted and seek not to hide,
 I dwell on her praises wherever I go,
 They say I'm in love, but I answer, No, no.
 They say I'm in love, &c.

At ev'ning oft-times, with what pleasure I see.
 A note from her hand, I'll be with you at tea.
 My heart how it bounds, when I hear her below,
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no.

But say, &c.
 She

She tells me her faults as she sits on my knee ;
 I chide her and say, she's an angel to me.
 My shoulder she tips, and still bids me think so,
 Who knows but she loves, though she answers
 No, no.

Who knows, &c.

From beauty and wit, and good humour how I,
 Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly.
 Thy bounty, O fortune, make haste to bestow,
 And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No.

S O N G 239.

HArk ! I hear the mother's cries,
 For her child untimely slain ;
 See, she lifts her streaming eyes,
 And her bosom beats in vain.

There the pale distracted wife,
 Kneeling by her husband, see ;
 Why (she cries) was thy dear life
 Torn from my dear babes and me ?

Brothers weep for brothers lost ;
 Orphans their dead fathers moan :
 These are deeds that war can boast,
 These are triumphs all his own.

S O N G 240.

He. **H**ARK, hark, o'er the plains, how the
 merry bells ring,
 Asleep while my charmer is laid,
 Asleep while, &c.

The

The village is up, and the day's on the wing,

And Phillis may yet die a maid, my poor girl,

And Phillis may yet die a maid.

She. 'Tis hardly yet day, and I cannot away;

O Damon, I'm young and afraid?

To-morrow, my dear, I'll to church without fear,

But let me to night lie a maid,

My dear boy, &c.

He. The bride-maids are met, and mamma's on the pet,

All, all, my coy Phillis upbraid;

By midnight! my dear shall be eas'd of her fear,

Nor grieve she's no longer a maid,

My dear girl, &c.

She. Dear shepherd, forbear, and to-morrow I swear,

To-morrow I'll not be afraid;

I'll open the door, and deny you no more,

Nor cry to live longer a maid,

My dear boy, &c.

He. No, no, Phillis, no, on thy bosom of snow,

To-night shall your shepherd be laid;

Fast lock'd in my arms, you shall yield up your charms,

Nor wish to live longer a maid,

My dear girl, &c.

She. Then open the door, 'twas unbolted before,

'Twas Damon his blifs that delay'd ;
To church let us go, and if there I fay no,
O then let me die an old maid,

My dear boy, &c.

DUET and CHORUS.

Away then, away, and to love give the day,
Ye nymphs, let example persuade ;
Let beauty be tim'd, when the fwain's in the
mind,

'Tis foolish to die an old maid, my dear girl,
'Tis foolish to die an old maid.

S O N G 241.

MY Kitty cries, were Damon wise,
His passion I'd approve ;

But like the bee, so gay, so free,

He merits not my love :

From maid to maid his heart has stray'd,

Which each new face has won ;

My spirits great, a share I hate,

I'll have him all or none.

Her reas'ning such, I wonder much

Herself she cannot see ;

For, oh, the fawn, that skips the lawn,

Is not so wild as she !

Each am'rous fwain breathes out his pain,

To all she lends an ear ;

The case is thus, and which of us

In love's most insincere ?

I often cry, dear Kitty, why
 Shou'd youth in vain be spent ?
 In Hymen's bands let's join our hands,
 And live with each content ;
 But her reply commands a sigh,
 'Tis Damon, patient wait ;
 Grow wise and mend, I'll be your friend,
 And leave the rest to fate.
 Ye powers above, who rule o'er love,
 Our giddy thoughts confine !
 My heart wou'd her o'er all prefer,
 Wou'd she be only mine,
 She thinks 'tis strange that I shou'd range ;
 I think she wastes her charms :
 And plainly see we shan't agree,
 'Till in each others arms.

S O N G 242.

THE nymphs all labour day and night,
 To rival and outshine my widow,
 But she, besides the charms in sight,
 Has matchless graces that lie hid-o.
 O my lovely charming widow ;
 My dear delicious charming widow !
 May joy still bless, and love carefs,
 The tender heart of my lovely widow.

Might I be monarch of the east,
 But must resign for that my widow,
 Upon her lips I'd chuse to feast,
 And take the sweet repast instead-o,
 O my lovely, &c.
 There

There are who set them up for maids,
And spare no pains to blast my widow ;
But all the while we know they're jades,
And have a thousand times been rid-o.

O my lovely, &c.

Transcendent, sweet, enchanting fair !

Delightful, pretty, smiling widow !

O let me banish ev'ry care

With thee, in yonder verdant meadow.

O my lovely, &c.

A rosy, fragrant, balmy breath,

Perfumes the kisses of my widow ;

Like nectar, they might save from death,

But cruel, envious Gods forbid—oh !

O my lovely, &c.

Transporting love, and honest truth,

And sweet good-humour grace my widow ;

And in the florid bloom of youth,

Her wit is still by judgment led-o.

O my lovely, &c.

And when within my folding arms,

I fondly clasp my gentle widow,

My heart like any goat's, she warms,

That pants to form the future kid-o.

O my lovely, &c.

SONG 243.

SHE. **S**TERN winter hath left us, the trees
are in bloom,
And cowslips and v'lets the meadows per-
fume ; While

While kids are disporting and birds fill the
spray,

I wait for my Jockey to hail the new May,
I wait for my Jockey, &c.

HE. Among the young lillies, my Jenny, I've
stray'd,

Pinks, daifies, and woodbines I bring to my
maid ;

Here's thyme sweetly smelling, and lavender
gay,

A posy to form for my queen of the May,
A posy to form, &c.

SHE. Ah ! Jockey, I fear you intend to beguile :
When feated with Molly last night on a stile,
You swore that you'd love her for ever and
aye,

Forgetting poor Jenny, your queen of the May,
Forgetting poor, &c.

HE. Young Willy is handsome, in shepherd's green
dress,

He gave you those ribbons that hang at your
breast,

Besides three sweet kisses upon the new hay,
Was that done like Jenny, my queen of the
May ?

Was that done, &c.

SHE. This garland of roses no longer I prize,
Since Jockey, false hearted, his passion de-
nies ;

Ye flowers so blooming, this instant decay,
For Jenny's no longer the queen of the May,
For Jenny's, &c.

HE

HE. Believe me, dear maiden, your lover you
 wrong,
 Your name is for ever the theme of my
 song ;
 From the dews of pale eve to the dawning
 of day,
 I sing but of Jenny, my queen of the May,
 I sing but of, &c.

SHE. Again balmy comfort with transport I view,
 My fears are all vanish'd, since Jockey is
 true ;
 Then to our blithe shepherds the news I'll
 convey,
 That Jenny alone you've crown'd queen of
 the May,
 That Jenny alone, &c.

HE. Of every degree, ye true lovers, draw near,
 Avoid all suspicion, whate'er may appear ;
 Believe not your eyes, if your peace they'd
 betray,
 Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the new
 May,
 Then come, &c.

BOTH. Of ev'ry degree, ye young lovers, draw
 near,
 Avoid all suspicion, whate'er may appear ;
 Believe not your eyes, if your peace they'd
 betray,
 Then come, my dear Jockey, and hail the
 new May,
 Then come my dear Jenny and hail the
 new May.

SONG

S O N G 244.

WHEN will war and tumult cease ?
 When the jarring world have peace ?
 While ambition, bold and blind,
 Leagu'd with discord sways mankind :
 While for rule, and not for right,
 Kings contend and nations fight :
 How should war and tumult cease ?
 How the jarring world have peace ?

S O N G 245.

WE all to conquering beauty bow,
 Its pleasing power admire ;
 But I ne'er knew a face till now,
 That cou'd like your's inspire :
 Now I may say, I met with one
 Amazes all mankind ;
 And like men gazing on the sun,
 With too much light are blind.
 Soft as the tender moving sighs,
 When longing lovers meet,
 Like the divining prophets, wise ;
 Like new-blown roses, sweet,
 Modest, yet gay ; reserv'd, yet free ;
 Each happy night a bride ;
 A mein like awful majesty,
 And yet no spark of pride.

The

The patriarch to win a wife,
 Chaste, beautiful, and young,
 Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
 And never thought it long ;
 Ah! were you to reward such care,
 And life so long would stay,
 Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
 Would seem but as one day.

S O N G 246.

HOW blest are beggars lasses,
 Who never toil for treasure!
 We know no care but how to share
 Each day's successive pleasure.
 Drink away, let's be gay,
 Beggars still with bliss abound ;
 Mirth and joy ne'er can cloy.
 Whilst the sparkling glass goes round.
 A fig for gaudy fashions,
 No want of clothes oppresses us :
 We live at ease, with rags and fleas :
 We value not our dresses.
 Drink away, &c.
 We scorn all ladies washes,
 With which they spoil each feature :
 No patch or paint our beauties taint ;
 We live in simple nature.
 Drink away, &c.
 No cholic, spleen, or vapours,
 At morn or ev'ning teize us ;
 We drink no tea, or ratafie ;
 When sick, a dram can ease us.
 Drink away, &c.

What

What ladies act in private,
 By nature's soft compliance,
 We think no crime, when in our prime,
 To kiss without a licence.
 Drink away, &c.

We know no shame or scandal,
 The beggars law befriend us ;
 We all agree in liberty,
 And poverty defends us.
 Drink away, &c.

Like jolly beggar-wenches,
 Thus, thus, we drown all sorrow ;
 We live to-day, and ne'er delay
 Our pleasure till to-morrow.
 Drink away, let's be gay,
 Beggars still with bliss abound ;
 Mirth and joy ne'er can cloy,
 Whilst the sparkling glass goes round.

S O N G 247.

HAppy's the love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn :
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover.
 Ye registers of heaven, relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
 Mary Scot the flower of Yarrow ?
 Ah no ! her form's too heavenly fair,
 Her love the Gods above must share ;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her.

O lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bless me with a smile :
Alas ! if not, you'll soon debar a
Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears ! I'll not despair,
My Mary's tender as she's fair ;
Then I'll go tell her all my anguish,
She is too good to let me languish :
With success crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky ;
When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradise on Yarrow.

S O N G 248.

IF love's a sweet passion, why does it torment ?
If a bitter, pray tell me whence comes my con-
tent ?

Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I com-
plain,

Or grieve at my fate, when I know 'tis in vain ?
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my
heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate silence I make my love known ;
But oh ! how I'm bless'd, when so kind she does
prove,

By some willing mistake to discover her love !
When in striving to hide she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither does
name !

How

How pleasing is beauty, how sweet are the
charms,

How delightful embraces, how peaceful her
arms !

Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above,
And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must
yield,

For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair
field.

S O N G 249.

ATtend, ye nymphs, while I impart,
The secret wishes of my heart;
And tell what swain, if one there be,
Whom fate designs for love and me.

Let reason o'er his thoughts preside;
Let honour all his actions guide;
Stedfast in virtue let him be,
The swain design'd for love and me.

Let solid sense inform his mind,
With pure good nature sweetly join'd,
Sure friend to modest merit he,
The swain design'd for love and me.

Where sorrow prompts the pensive sigh;
Where grief bedews the drooping eye:
Melting in sympathy I see
The swain design'd for love and me.

Let sordid avarice claim no part
Within his tender gen'rous heart;
Oh ! be that heart from falsehood free,
Devoted all to love and me.

SONG

S O N G 250.

Vulcan contrive me such a cup,
 As Nestor us'd of old,
 Try all thy skill to trim it up;
 And damask it round with gold.
 Make it so large, when fill'd with punch
 Up to the swelling brim,
 Vast toasts on the delicious lake
 (Like ships at sea) may swim.
 Carve me thereon a curling vine,
 And add two lovely boys;
 Whose limbs in am'rous folds entwine,
 The types of future joys.
 Cupid and Bacchus my Gods are,
 May love and wine still reign;
 With wine I wash away my care,
 And then to love again.

S O N G 251.

SHall girls, whose only claim to worth
 Lies in their faces, or their birth,
 By sordid bards be prais'd?
 Shall sense and wit neglected live,
 While few to virtue honour give,
 However great or rais'd.
 Sad emblem of degen'rate days,
 When poets outward beauty praise,
 And court an empty face?
 Can virtue's charms no muse inspire?
 In virtue's cause shall none take fire,
 Oh blind mistaken race!

Ah

Ah, could the bard with Flaccus write,
 Or soar in Maro's lofty flight,
 Or boast a Naso's pen;
 He'd lash with Juvenal the age,
 Satire should swell in ev'ry page,
 Against deluded men.

What tho' she boasts a beauteous face,
 And flaunts, superb, in silk and lace:
 Is worth convey'd by cloaths?
 What, tho' she shines at balls and plays,
 And gaily spends her flying days,
 Admir'd by belles and beaux?

What, I would ask, are crowns and kings?
 What pomp and titles?—fleeting things!
 That mock th' aspiring mind:
 Princes, alas! to dust return,
 The rich, the great must fill the urn,
 And leave their state behind!

Believe me, ladies, for 'tis true,
 Not all the di'monds of Peru,
 One grain of worth can add;
 Not all the gold the Indies bear,
 Not all the gems that glitter there,
 Can beautify the bad.

'Tis innate virtue merits praise,
 'Tis that alone deserves the lays,
 And all a poet's art:
 We spurn the bards, who meanly sing
 Of charms, which splendid fortunes bring,
 But ne'er regard the heart.

Despise, ye fair, the empty girls,
 Whose beauty lie in flowing curls,

Who shine in borrow'd charms :
 She, she alone's the happy maid,
 Whose real beauties never fade,
 Whose bosom virtue warms.

S O N G 252.

JOve, when he saw my Fanny's face;
 With wond'rous passion mov'd,
 Forgot the care of human race,
 And felt at last he lov'd,
 And felt at last he lov'd.

Then to the God of soft desire
 His suit he thus addrest :

I Fanny love, with mutual fire,
 O touch her tender breast !

I Fanny love, &c.

Your sighs are hopeless, Cupid cries,
 I lov'd the maid before,

What ! rival me ? the Pow'r replies,

Whom Gods and men adore,

Whom Gods, &c.

He grasp'd the bolt, he shook the springs
 Of his imperial throne ;

While Cupid wav'd his rosy wings,

And in a breath was gone.

While Cupid, &c.

O'er earth and seas the Godhead flew,

But still no shelter found ;

For as he fled his danger grew,

And lightnings flash'd around.

And lightnings, &c.

At

At last his trembling fear impels
 His flight to Fanny's eyes;
 Where happy, safe, and pleas'd he dwells,
 Nor minds his native skies.
 Where happy, &c.

S O N G 253.

DAPHNE.

HAS the arrow of Cupid ne'er lodg'd in your
 breast?

Have you wept for whole months, nor been able
 to rest,

'Till the fair one took pity and bid you be blest'd?
 Speak boldly the truth, my good shepherd.

COLLIN.

No, that I can't brag of; but all the day long
 Some mistress or other has place in my song;
 My passion's not lasting, but 'tis very strong,
 I speak the plain truth, my good lady.

DAPHNE.

I doubt you're a rover; if so, a young maid
 May fear to be with you, within this thick shade.

COLLIN.

Such beauties as yours need be never afraid.
 I speak the plain truth, my good lady.

DAPHNE.

Suppose a young shepherdess, just of my size,
 An air too like mine, and a pair of such eyes,
 Should like you, say, would you your conquest
 despise?

Speak boldly the truth, my good shepherd.

COLLIN.

COLLIN.

Plain dealing's a jewel, you very well know;
And therefore permit me to own ere I go,
Such a mistress as you is, at best, but so so.

I speak the plain truth, my good lady.

COLLIN.

Farewel, gentle maiden.

DAPHNE.

Farewel, thou dull swain :
Go seek thy companions that brouze on the plain.

BOTH.

And I care not if e'er I behold thee again.

I speak the plain truth, &c.

S O N G 254.

The TAYLOR and SEMSTRESS.

A Taylor there was, and he liv'd in a garret,
Who ne'er in his days tasted champagne
or claret ;

With high soups, or ragouts, he never was
fed,

But cabbage, believe me, was his daily bread.

Derry down, down.

His work he pursued without any repining,
When bless'd with a pint of three threads for his
lining ;

Till Cupid, whose arrows most cruelly treat us,
With a Semstress's bodkin destroyed his quietus.

Derry down, &c.

No longer a birth-night affords any pleasure,
His patterns lie scatter'd, in tatters his measure :
His

His bills he contrives not with items to swell,
Silk, twist, tape, and buckram, he damns them
to hell.

Cupid pitying his case, at length flew to his aid,
And help'd him to fine-draw the hole he had
made;

He bad^e him be bold and not stand like a mute,
And never give out till he'd finish'd his suit.

He visits the semstrefs with aukward address,
Protests on her kindness hung his happiness :
But she scornfully sneer'd at his speeches and
wheedle,

For she, lack-a-day! was as sharp as a needle.

He told her on hon'able terms he was come,
And begg'd he might soon be inform'd of his
doom ;

Unless she'd consent to be shortly his wife,
The fates shears would soon cut off his remnant
of life.

D'ye think, cry'd the semstrefs, I'll take for a
spouse,

One whom no one esteems at three skips of a
louse ?

Advance in your favour whatever you can,
A taylor is but the ninth part of a man.

The taylor proceeded with lying, entreating ;
And making such speeches as scarce bear re-
peating ;

A woman, unmarried, was useless he said ;
Was just like a needle without any thread.

When

When the priest should have tack'd them together;
he cry'd,

For her palate, when dainty, he'd nicely provide ;
Though to turkeys and capons he could not as-
pire,

She might always be sure of a goose at the fire.

As she work'd he commended her fingers so
nimble !

And swore that her eyes were more bright than
her thimble ;

Tho' small was his wit, he so acted his part,
That (I know not how 'twas) but he cabbag'd
her heart.

Away hand in hand to the chapel they went ;
Nor appear'd in her visage the least discontent ;
None but death could the conjugal knot have
unt'y'd ;

For cross-legg'd together they sat till they dy'd.
Derry down, &c.

S O N G 255.

HOW hard is the fate of all womankind,
For ever subjected, for ever confin'd,
Our parents controul us until we are wives,
Our husbands enslave us the rest of our lives.

If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,
But secretly languish, compell'd to conceal ;
Deny'd ev'ry freedom of life to enjoy,
We're blam'd if we're kind, condemn'd if we're
coy.

S O N G

S O N G 256.

GOOD mother, if you please, you may,
 Place others to observe my way ;
 Or be yourself the watchful spy,
 And keep me ever in your eye,
 And keep me ever in your eye.

Unless the will itself restrain,
 The care of others is in vain ;
 And if myself I do not keep,
 Instead of watching you may sleep.

When you forbid what love inspires,
 Forbidding, you but fan its fires ;
 Restraint does appetite enrage,
 And youth may prove too strong for age.

Then leave me unconfin'd and free,
 With prudence for my lock and key ;
 For if myself I do not keep,
 Instead of watching all may sleep.

S O N G 257.

TO dear Amaryllis young Strephon had long
 Declar'd his fix'd passion, and dy'd for in
 song ;

He went one May-morning to meet in the grove,
 By her own dear appointment, this goddess of love ;
 Mean while in his mind all her charms he ran o'er,
 And doated on each ; can a lover do more ?

He waited, and waited, then changing his strain,
 'Twas fury, and rage, and despair and disdain :

The

The sun was commanded to hide his dull light,
And the whole course of nature was alter'd down-
right.

'Twas his hapless fortune to die and adore,
But never to change ; can a lover do more ?

Cleora, it hap'd, was by accident there ;
No rose-bud so tempting, no lilly so fair :
He press'd her white hand, next her lips he essay'd,
Nor would she deny him, so civil the maid !
Her kindly compliance his peace did restore ;
And dear Amaryllis was thought of no more.

SONG 258.

THE hounds are all out and the morning does
peep ;

Why, how now, you sluggardly sot !
How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep,
While we all on horseback are got,
My brave boys ?

While we all on horseback are got,
I cannot get up, for the over night's cup
So terribly lies in my head :
Besides, my wife cries, My dear do not rise,
But cuddle me longer in bed,

My dear boy ;

But cuddle me longer in bed.
Come, on with your boots, and saddle your mare,
Nor tire us with longer delay ;
The cry of the hounds, and the sight of the hare,
Will chase all dull vapours away,

My brave boy ;

Will chase all dull vapours away.

SONG

SONG 259.

WILL the linnet fly the snare,
 When tempted by a pleasing bait,
 And the voice enchants her ear
 Of her long-lost warbling mate ?
 Will the woman e'er despise,
 The sight which charms her eyes,
 And be so far unwise,
 To cast away Gold, her Virtue to hold ?
 If such a thing is done,
 The fair who can't be won,
 May surely retrieve, all we lost by Dame Eve,
 And at court may die a Nun !

SONG 260.

DAPHNE.

O Say ! must I sigh and pine, my love ?
 O say, must I sigh and pine ?
 You're cruel, I swear,
 As a tiger or bear,

If you don't to my wish incline, my love ;
 If you don't to my wish incline.

COLLIN.

So much I delight in thee, my dear ;

So much I delight in thee ;

Thou may'st sigh, pine, and moan,

Or may'st let it alone ;

'Tis all the same to me, my dear ;

'Tis all the same to me.

Y

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE.

But say, should I break my heart, my love ?

But say, should I break my heart ?

Would you not be dismay'd

To have murder'd a maid

With Cupid's keenest dart, my love ?

With Cupid's keenest dart.

COLLIN.

I should not be much dismay'd, my dear ;

I should not be much dismay'd :

If you think that I lye,

You had better go try,

I am not much afraid, my dear,

I am not much afraid.

DAPHNE.

Since nothing, I find, will do, my love :

Since nothing, I find, will do ;

My heart I'll break——

No, I'll live for your sake ;

And I'll live to laugh at you, my love ;

And I'll live to laugh at you.

S O N G 261.

BLAB not what you ought to smother,

Honour's laws should sacred be,

Boasting favours from another,

Ne'er will favour gain with me,

Ne'er will favour gain with me :

But inspir'd with indignation,

Sooner I'd lead apes in hell,

E'er I'd trust my reputation

With such fools as kifs and tell,

With such fools as kifs and tell.

He

He, who finds a hidden treasure
 Never should the same reveal ;
 He whom beauty crowns with pleasure,
 Cautious should his joys conceal
 Cautious should his joys conceal,
 Him with whom my heart I'll venture,
 Shall my fame from censure save ;
 One where truth and prudence centre,
 And as secret as the grave,
 And as secret as the grave.

S O N G 262.

SONS of Bacchus let's be gay
 Nimble move the chearful glass, }
 Life is short, and glides away,
 Let it then in pleasure pass :
 Phœbus now may hide his light,
 Silver Cynthia cease to shine,
 Bacchus rays are far more bright,
 Sparkling from the gen'rous wine,
 Sparkling from the gen'rous wine.

When the nymph is coy and cold,
 And puts on a scornful air,
 Bacchus makes the lover bold,
 Courage ever gains the fair.
 While the fool who wastes his time,
 Trifling o'er insipid tea :
 Ne'er can aim at things sublime,
 'Till he freely drinks like me.
 'Till he freely drinks like me.

S O N G 263.

A Swain of love despairing,
 Thus wail'd his cruel fate,
 His grief the shepherd's sharing
 In circles round him sat ;
 The nymphs in kind compassion,
 The luckless lover mourn'd ;
 All who had felt love's passion
 A sigh for sigh return'd.
 All who had felt love's passion
 A sigh for sigh return'd.

O friends ! your plaints give over,
 Your kind concern forbear,
 Should Chloe but discover
 For me you've shed a tear,
 Her eyes she'd arm with vengeance,
 Your friendship soon subdue :
 Too late you'd ask forgiveness,
 And for her mercy sue.

Her charms such force discover,
 Resistance is in vain,
 Spight of yourself you'll love her,
 And hug the galling chain :
 Her wit the flame increases,
 And rivets fast the dart :
 She has ten thousand graces,
 And each could gain a heart.

But oh ! one more deserving
 Has thaw'd her frozen breast,
 Her heart for him preserving,
 She's cold to all the rest.

Their

Their love with joy abounding,
 The thought distracts my brain.
 Oh cruel maid ! then swooning,
 He fell upon the plain.

S O N G 264.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy :
 His shape is handsome, middle size,
 He's stately in his walking :
 The shining of his e'en surprize,
 'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.
 Last night I met him on a bauk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a glowing :
 He kifs'd and vow'd he wad be mine
 And lov'd me best of ony,
 Which gars me like to sing finfyne,
 O corn riggs are bonny.
 Let maidens of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding were design'd
 We chafely should be granting :
 Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
 And syne my cockernonny,
 He's free to touzle air or late
 Where corn riggs are bonny.

S O N G 265.

'T WAS on a river's verdant side,
 Just at the close of day,
 A dying swan with music try'd
 To chase her cares away.

And tho' she ne'er had stretch'd her throat
 Nor tun'd her voice before,
 Death, ravish'd with so sweet a note,
 Awhile his stroke forbore.

Farewel, she cry'd, ye silver streams,
 Ye purling rills adieu,
 Where Phœbus us'd to dart his beams,
 And bless'd both me and you.

Farewel, ye tender whistling reeds,
 Soft scenes of happy love;
 Farewel, ye bright enamell'd meads,
 Where I was wont to rove.

No more with you may I converse;
 See, yonder setting sun
 Waits while I these last notes rehearse,
 And then I must be gone.

Mourn not, my tender constant mate,
 We'll meet again below;
 It is the kind decree of fate,
 And I with pleasure go.

S O N G 266.

F LY swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can
 give ;
 The

The bowl's frolick joys let him teach her to prove,
And she in return yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain ;
The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave:
Love and wine give, ye Gods, or take back what
ye gave.

CHORUS.

Away, away, away,
To Comus' court repair ;
There night outshines the day,
There yields the melting fair.

S O N G 267.

YE swains that are courting a maid,
Be warn'd and instructed by me :
Tho' small experience I've had,
I'll give you good counsel and free.
For women are changeable things,
And seldom a moment the same,
As time a variety brings,
Their looks new humours proclaim.
Their looks, &c.

But he, who in love would succeed,
And his mistress's favour obtain,
Must mind it as sure as his creed,
To make hay while the sun is serene.
There's a season to conquer the fair,
And that's when they're merry and gay,
To catch the occasion take care,
When 'tis gone then in vain you'll assay.

SONG

HOW blest has my time been ! what days have
 I known,
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own?
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain,
 That freedom is tasteless, &c.

Thro' walks, grown with wood-bines, as often we
 stray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolick and play ;
 Tho' pleasing the sport is, the wanton ones see
 They borrow their looks from my Jessy and me,
 They borrow, &c.

To try her sweet temper oft'times am I seen
 In revels all day with the nymphs on the green :
 Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at night with compliance and smiles,
 And meets me at night, &c.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
 Her ease and good humour bloom all the year
 through :

Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her
 youth.

And gives to her mind, &c.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to insnare,
 And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair ;
 In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam ?
 To hold it for life you must find it at home,
 To hold it for life, &c.

SONG

SONG 269.

THE blithest bird that sings in May
 Was ne'er more blithe, was ne'er more gay,
 Than I, ah well-a-day !
 Than I, ah well-a-day !
 E're Collin, yet had learn'd to sigh,
 Or I to guess the reason why :
 O love, ah well-a-day !
 O love, ah well-a-day !
 We kiss'd, we toy'd, but neither knew
 From whence these fond endearments grew ;
 Till he, ah well-a-day !
 Till he, ah well-a-day !
 By time and other swains made wise,
 Began to talk of hearts and eyes,
 And love, ah well-a-day !
 And love, ah well-a-day !
 Kind nature now took Collin's part,
 My Eyes inform'd against my heart,
 My heart, ah well-a-day !
 My heart, ah well-a-day !
 Strait glow'd with thrilling sympathy,
 And echo'd back each gentle sigh ;
 Each sigh, ah well-a-day !
 Each sigh, ah well-a-day !
 Can love, alas ! by words be shown,
 He ask'd a proof, a tender one,
 While I, ah well-a-day !
 While I, ah well-a-day !
 In silence blush'd a fond reply,
 Can she who truly loves deny ?
 Ah, no, ah well-a-day !
 Ah, no, ah well-a-day !

S O N G 270.

BUSY, curious, thirsty Fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I;
 Freely welcome to my cup,
 Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
 Make the most of life you may,
 Life is short and wears away,
 Life is short, &c.

Both alike are mine and thine,
 Hastening quick to their decline;
 Thine's a summer, mine's no more.
 Tho' repeated to threescore;
 Threescore summers, when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one,
 Will appear, &c.

S O N G 271.

AT St. Osythe, by the mill,
 There dwells a lovely lass;
 Oh! had I her good will,
 How gaily life would pass.
 No bold intruding care,
 My bliss should e'er annoy;
 Her smiles would gild despair,
 And brighten ev'ry joy.

Like nature's rural scene,
 Her artless beauties charm:
 Like them with joy serene,
 Our wishing hearts they warm:

Her

Her looks with sweetness crown'd,
 Steel ev'ry sense away ;
 The listening swains around
 Forget the short'ning day.
 Health, freedom, wealth, and ease,
 Without her tasteless are ;
 She gives them pow'r to please,
 And makes them worth our care.
 Is there, ye fates, a bliss
 Reserved for my share ?
 Indulgent hear my wish,
 And grant it all in her.

S O N G 272.

THE sweet rosy morning
 Peeps over the hills,
 With blushes adorning
 The meadows and fields.

CHORUS.

The merry, merry, merry horn
 Cries come, come away ;
 'Wake from your dull slumbers,
 And hail the new day.

The stag rous'd before us
 Away seems to fly,
 And pants to the chorus
 Of hounds in full cry.

CHORUS:

Then follow, follow, follow, follow,
 The musical chace,
 Where pleasure and vigorous
 Health you embrace,

The

The day's sport, when over,
 Makes blood circle right,
 And gives the brisk lover
 Fresh charms for the night.

CHORUS.

Then let us, let us enjoy
 All we can while we may ;
 Let love crown the night,
 As our sports crown the day.

S O N G 273.

ONE summer's eve, as Strephon rov'd,
 Wrapt up in thought profound ;
 Surpriz'd he saw his best lov'd,
 Lie sleeping on the ground :
 Awake, my pretty sleeper, wake,
 Awake to Strephon's call ;
 Be careful, for your lover's sake,
 'Tis night, the dew-drops fall.

Then to her cheek his lips he laid,
 And gently stole a kiss ;
 She still slept on, he not dismay'd,
 Repeats the transient bliss :
 She wakes, and thus with eager tone,
 Away, away, she cries ;
 Then faulting, bids the swain begone :
 She sigh'd, and clos'd her eyes.

Tho' cruel are your words, sweet maid,
 Can sighs proceed from hate ;
 My doubts are gone, then down he laid,
 Resolv'd to share her fate :

Defended

Defended from the noxious air,
 Within his arms she lay;
 And tho' the swain oft wak'd the fair,
 She said no more till day.

SONG 275.

Near the side of a pond at the foot of the hill,
 A free-hearted fellow attends on his mill;
 Fresh health blooms her strong rosy hue o'er his face,
 And honesty gives e'en to awkwardness grace.

Beslower'd with his meal does he labour and sing,
 And regaling at night, he's as blest as a king;
 After heartily eating, he takes a full swill
 Of liquor home-brew'd, to success of the mill.

He makes no nice scruples of toll for his trade,
 For that's an excise to his industry paid;
 His conscience is free, and his income is clear,
 And he values not them of ten thousand a year.

He's a freehold sufficient to give him a vote,
 At elections he scorns to accept of a groat;
 He hates your proud placemen. and do what they
 will,

They ne'er can seduce the staunch man of the mill.

On Sunday he talks with the barber and priest,
 And hopes that our statesmen do all for the best;
 That the Spaniards shall ne'er interrupt our free
 trade,

Nor good British coin be in subsidies paid.

He fears the French navy and commerce increase,
 And he wishes poor Germany still may have peace.

Tho' old England, he knows, may have strength
and have skill,

To protect all her manners, and save his own mill.

With this honest hope he goes home to his work,

And if water is scanty he takes up his fork,

And over the meadow he scatters his hay,

Or with his stiff plough turns up furrows of clay.

His harvest is crown'd with a good English glee ;

That his country may ever be happy and free,

With his hand and his heart to king GEORGE does
he fill,

May all loyal souls act the man of the mill.

S O N G 276.

Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright,

The bridal of the earth and sky,

The dew shall weep thy fall to night,

For thou, with all thy sweets, must die.

For thou, with all thy sweets, must die.

Sweet rose, so fragrant and so brave,

Dazzling the rash beholder's eye :

Thy root is ever in thy grave,

And thou, with all thy sweets, must die.

Sweet spring so beauteous and so gay,

Storehouse, where sweets unnumber'd lie,

Not long thy fading glories stay,

For thou, with all thy sweets, must die.

Sweet love alone, sweet wedded love,

To thee no period is assign'd ;

Thy tender joys by time improve,

In death itself the most refin'd.

SONG

SONG 277.

ASK if yon damask rose is sweet,
That scents the ambient air;
Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
If dear Susanna's fair?

Say, will the vulture quit his prey,
And warble thro' the grove;
Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
Then doubt thy shepherd's love.
The spoils of war let heroes share,
Let pride in splendor shine;
Ye bards unenvied laurels wear,
Be fair Susanna mine,

SONG 278.

Come Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell;
Each lad with his lass hither come,
With singing and dancing, in pleasure advancing,
To celebrate harvest at home;
'Tis Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,
To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,
To celebrate harvest home.

Our labour is o'er, our barns in full store,
Now swell with rich gifts of the land;
Let each man then take, for his prong and his rake,
His cann and his lass in his hand:
For Ceres, &c.

No courtier can be so happy as we,
In innocence, pastime and mirth;
While thus we carouse with our sweet-heart or spouse
And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth;
When Ceres, &c.

SONG

SONG 279.

TIS wine makes us love, and love makes us
drink,

And each does the other improve;
I'll think myself Jove, while these I enjoy,
Nor own myself mortal till old.

CHORUS. Then join 'em, my boys, make the
blessings divine,

For men must be Gods, when they've
women and wine.

When old I am grown and toying is past,

In wine I must place all my joy;
And tho' I'm unfit for love to the last,
Yet still I can drink till I die.

CHORUS. Then join 'em, &c.

SONG 280. A Burlesque Burletta Duet.

Sung at COMUS's COURT by the Choice Spirits.

Tune of, Come let us prepare, we brothers that are.

MY song, firs, excuse,

And pardon my muse,
If for once she appears as a joker:

The town's taste i'll show,

And the whole criss-cross-row,

Put into the tune Allie Croaker.

To the tune of, Allie Croaker.

Great A was alarmed at B's bad behaviour,

Because C deny'd DEF a favour,

G got a husband, with H I K and L.

M married Mary and scholars taught to spell,

ABCDEFGHIKLM.

It went hard at first with N O P and Q,
 With R S T single U, and likewise with W,
 With X and Y it stuck in their gizzards
 Till all were made friends by the two crooked Zd's.
 Oh rare humpback'd Zd's.

Tune. Come let us prepare, &c.
 These words have no wit,
 Tho' the tune they may hit,
 But who thought to find wit in a tune Q;
 Did the town relish sense,
 Wou'd they run with expence
 To Burlettas of signior Buffoon O.
 The old fellow's face,
 With his grunt and grimace,
 And his rotten teeth shewn by a grinna;
 Tho' we can't understand him,
 We must needs commend him,
 And so must we miss Nicolini.

Then since singing's the taste, let's have a duetta,
 Let's have it, I say, by way of Burletta:
 And take off this old man, as well as Spiletta.

Which no body can deny

I've got a cold — indeed I'm very hoarse eh,
 And singing, 'sirs, I fear will make it worse eh,
 Yet will I strive and work like any negro:
 From slow Adagio up to quick Allegro.
 Then change from Forte to the soft Piano,
 That I may be — see signior see
 Indeed the boon companio:
 Come then my daughter, come miss Nicolini,
 We must compose a new Burletta Grinna,
 And with my fingers play the symphonena.

Symphony play'd to the Tune, Ask if yon damask rose, &c.

But ah 'tis dinner time, my dear signora,

Go fetch some stakes, go fetch some stakes encora,

While I make unison to this stockatto,

Boil me some broth, and roast me some potatoe.

Largo me affectuosso, tuchè premo violin,

The broth will prove so so, if you don't put oat-meal in :

Volti largo me affecto, sabite andente

Put greens in cabbage netta, and make some soup zonte.

Thirds, fifts and eighths are half above a quarter,

A minum is much long, a quaver shorter :

Go, lay the cloth, and fetch a pint of porter.

DUETT.

Miss. Pray papa, pray pardon moy

Soncafugo ame foy,

He. Fetch the drink,—*She.* Indeed not I.

He. Your ill bred miss,—*She.* That's a Lie,

He. Gallop trollop,—*She.* Tuche ta.

He. La diable.—*She.* Bribble, brabble,

Brabantiana caro spiletta foolato la

Caro spiletta foolato la

Da Capo.

SONG 281.

I Us'd, I remember it well,
To frown, and to pish, and cry fie,
When Damon his passion wou'd tell,
But I could not myself tell for why.

Whenever we met on the plain,
I always was prudish and shy.

He'd

He'd kiss me, and kiss me again,
 Tho' I ask'd him, he wou'd not tell why.

" My breath was more sweet than the air ;
 " I sung like the warblers on high ;"
 His speeches were pretty, I swear,
 But he made them I could not tell why.

Indeed, teasing shepherd, I cry'd,
 I know not your meaning, not I !
 To speak very gravely I try'd,
 But I laugh'd, tho' I could not tell why.

He stifled my laugh with a kiss,
 And vow'd that for me he wou'd die ;
 So I thought if he did 'twere amiss,
 So I begg'd he wou'd tell me for why.

Does Phillis then pity, he cries,
 To church let us instantly fly,
 I seem'd in a sort of surprize,
 But I went, tho' I knew not for why.

'Twas what he long wish'd to be at,
 I'm glad on't, I cannot deny.
 We kiss, and we play, and all that,
 And I love him, I need not tell why.

SONG 282.

A H ! my fickle Jenny,
 While there was not any
 In all the north had power to win thee,
 But Jockey only to his arms ;
 There's ne'er a Laird in all the nation
 Was in so happy a station,
 As Jockey in possession
 Of Jenny with her early charms.

Had

Had you still carefs'd me ;
 As you once address'd me,
 No other Lad had e'er possess'd me,
 But thine alone I'd only been :
 Had I only been in vogue wi' ye,
 Or had you let none else collogue ye,
 Nor rambled after Cath'rine Ogie,
 I'd ha' sped as well as any queen.

Moggy of Dumferlin
 She's my only darling,
 Who sings as sweet as any starling,
 And dances with a bony air ;
 Moggy is so kind and tender,
 If Fate was ready now to end her,
 Could I but from the stroke defend her,
 I'd die if he wou'd Moggy spare.

Sawney me so teezes,
 Whose bagpipe me so pleases,
 That never my poor heart at ease is,
 But when we are together baith :
 I so heartily befriend him,
 If Fate was ready now to end him,
 Cou'd I but from the stroke defend him,
 A thousand times I'd suffer death.

Come, let's leave this fooling,
 My heart ne'er was cooling,
 None else but Jenny e'er was ruling,
 But thus our hearts we fondly try :
 To thy arms if thou restore me,
 Shou'd all the Lairds of the land adore me,
 Nay our good king himself send for me,
 With thee alone I'd live and die,

SONG 283.

SOONER than I'll my love forego,
 And lose the man I prize,
 I'll bravely combat ev'ry woe,
 Or fall a sacrifice.

No bolts, nor bars, shall me controul,
 I death and danger dare,
 Restraint but fires the active soul,
 And urges fierce despair.

The window now shall be my gate,
 I'll either fall or fly ;
 Before I'll live with them I hate,
 For him I love I'll die,

SONG 284. The DUST-CART.

RECITATIVE.

AS tinkering Tom the streets his trade did cry,
 He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by:
 In dust-cart high advanc'd the nymph was plac'd,
 With the rich cynders round her lovely waist ;
 Tom, with up-lifted hands, th' occasion blest,
 And thus in soothing strains the maid address'd.

AIR.

Oh Sylvia, while you drive your carts,
 To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,
 You take our dust, and steal our hearts.

That mine is gone, alas ! is true,
 And dwells among the dust with you,
 And dwells among the dust with you.

O lovely Sylvia ease my pain,
 Give me the heart you stole again,
 Give me my heart out of your cart,
 Give me the heart you stole again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia advanc'd above the rabble rout,
 Exulting, roll'd her sparkling eyes about,
 She heav'd her swelling breast as back as shoe,
 And look'd disdain on little folks below ;
 To Tom she nodded as the cart drew on,
 And then resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, stop John.

AIR.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
 Be by a paltry crowd oppress'd ?
 Ambition now my soul does fire,
 'The youths shall languish and admire ;
 And ev'ry girl with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride, long to ride, long to ride,
 in my dust-cart,
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.

SONG 285. The WHEEL-BARROW.

RECITATIVE.

AS porter Will along St. Paul's did move,
 Depress'd with weighty load, but more by love,
 By chance the fair Cerissa there he found,
 Crying her fine heart cherries, round and sound,
 Will joyous instant pitch'd, then strait caress'd
 her,
 And leaning o'er the barrow thus address'd her.

AIR.

Thy lips are cherries, sweeter far,
 Than those which in the barrow are ;

With

With such a store of charms, 'tis well,
 You may have stolen hearts to sell.
 Mine, dear Cerissa, too, you know,
 You stole it from me long ago,
 And now I stoop to ask of thee,
 To give it back, or marry me.

RECITATIVE.

Cerissa archly leering as he spake,
 While all the cherry blush'd upon her cheek,
 The mellowest Fruit, unnotic'd, cull'd apace,
 And sent, like Thunder, at his doleful face;
 Then grasp'd her barrow, trundled soft along,
 And looking round at Will, triumphant sung;

AIR.

Shall I, possess of all these charms,
 Sleep nightly in a porter's arms?
 M' ambitious soul detests such scum,
 And sighs for conquests yet to come.
 Fair youths my sov'reign power shall feel,
 Ten thousand hearts I'll daily steal,
 And beauteous nymphs, shall envious see,
 Crown'd heads and dukes submit to me.

S O N G 286.

WHile beaus to please the ladies write,
 Or bards to get a dinner by't,
 Their well-feign'd passions tell;
 Let me in humble Verse proclaim
 My love for her that bears the Name
 Of charming Kitty Fell.

That

That Kitty's beautiful and young,
That she has danc'd, that she has sung,

Alas! I know full well.

I feel, and I shall ever feel,
The dart more sharp, than pointed steel,
That came from Kitty Fell.

Of late I hop'd by reason's aid,
To cure the wound which Love had made,
And bade a long farewell,
But th' other day she cross'd the green,
I saw, I wish I had not seen,
My charming Kitty Fell.

I ask'd her why she pass'd that way?
To church, she cry'd, I cannot stay,
Why don't you hear the bell?
To church—oh take me with thee there,
I pray'd, she wou'd not hear my pray'r ,
Ah, cruel Kitty Fell.

And now I find 'tis all in vain,
I live to love and to complain,
Condemn'd in chains to dwell,
For tho' she casts a scornful eye,
In death my faltering tongue will cry,
Adieu! dear Kitty Fell.

SONG 287.

WERE kings and their people permitted to see,
How nearly and dearly their int'rest agree,
Adieu to their trade, for all statesmen would be
Mere cyphers or blots in high station,
For of Virtue so bright, and so beaming the day,
So broad and right onward is honesty's way,
'The beetle and buzzard might find it, nor stray
From the Conduct and Weal of the Nation.

S O N G 288.

THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,
That I quit my poor Chloe and stick to my
glafs :

But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own ;
And if you don't like them, why, let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the Truth I'll declare,
I believe she was good, and I am sure she was fair ;
But such goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
That makes it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles I must own,
But tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could
frown ;

But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine ?

Her lillies and roses were just in their prime,
Yet lillies and roses are conquer'd by time :
But in wine from its age such a benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me my love would in time have been
cloy'd,

And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd ;
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders and battles and history prove
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love :
But in drinking, thank heaven, no rival contends,
For the more we love liquor, the more we are
friends.

A a

She

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life,
 With nurses and babies, and squalling and strife;
 But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,
 And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.
 We shorten our days when with love we engage;
 It brings on diseases, and hastens old age:
 But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
 And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in the
 Grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to her word,
 She had left me—to get an estate, or a Lord:
 But my bumper regarding no title, nor pelf,
 Will stand by me while I can't stand by myself.

'Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain;
 She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain;
 For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy:
 Should you doubt what I say,—take a bumper
 and try.

SONG 290.

By a Person of Quality, when under Confinement
 in the Reign of King Charles I.

BEAT on, proud billows, Boreas blow,
 Swell curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
 Your incivility does show

That innocence is tempest proof.
 Tho' surly Neptune frowns, my thoughts are calm,
 Then strike, afflictions, for my wounds are balm.

That

That which the world miscalls a jail,

A private closet is to me ;

While a good conscience is my bail,

And innocence my liberty.

Locks, bolts and solitude, together met,

Make me no pris'ner, but an anchoret.

I, while I wish'd to be retir'd,

Into this private room was turn'd,

As tho' their wisdom had conspir'd,

A salamander to have burn'd :

Or like those sophists, who would drown a Fish,

I am condemn'd to suffer what I wish.

The Cynic hugs his poverty,

The Pelican her wilderness ;

It is the Indian's pride to lie

Naked on frozen Caucasus :

Contentment cannot smart, stoicks we see

Make torments easy by an apathy.

These manacles upon my arm,

I, as my prince's favour, wear ;

And for to keep my ancles warm

I have my iron shackles there :

These guards are all my garrison ; this cell,

Which men call jail, proves but my citadel.

So he that struck at Jason's life,

Thinking to make his purpose sure,

With a malicious friendly knife,

Did only wound him to a cure.

Malice, we see, wants wit for its intent,

Mischief oft-times proves favour in th' event.

A 2 2

I am

I am in this cabinet lock'd up,

Like to a high-priz'd Margarite;
Or, like the great Mogul or Pope,

I'm cloister'd up from vular fight,
Retirement is a piece of majesty,
And now, proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here Sin, for want of Food, does starve,

Where tempting objects are not seen;

And these strong walls do only serve

To keep vice out, not keep me in.

Malice of late's grown charitable sure,

I'm not committed, but am kept secure,

When once my prince afflictions hath,

Prosperity would treason seem;

And for to smooth so rough a Path,

I can learn patience too from him.

Then not to suffer shews no loyal heart,

When kings want ease; subjects should bear a part.

What tho' I cannot see my King,

Neither in person, nor in coin,

Yet contemplation is a thing

Which renders, what I have not, mine.

My King from me, no adamant can part,

I'll wear him still engraven on my heart.

My soul's as free as ambient air,

Altho' my baser parts are mew'd;

Yet loyal thoughts do still repair

To accompany my solitude.

What tho' rebellion does my body bind,

None but my King can captivate my mind.

Have

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like, coop'd in a cage,
How she does chaunt her wonted tale:
In that her narrow hermitage.
E'en there, her sweet melody does prove
The perches are her trees, the cage her groves.
I am that bird, that they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty:
Altho' they do my corpse confine,
Yet, maugre Hate, my soul is free.
What tho' I'm mew'd, yet will I chirp and sing,
Disgrace to rebels, honour to my king.

SONG 291. Morning. By a Lady.

SEE, from the east, the rising sun
Prepares his radiant course to run,
And gilds the blushing morn.

The spangled dew, the limpid streams,
Reflect his bright enliv'ning beams,
While pearl-drops deck the thorn.

The tow'ring larks, on rising wing,
Harmonious make the meadows ring:
The black-birds swell their throats:
Sweet linnets join the tuneful lay;
And hail the blest return of day,
In soft melodious notes.

In rustic carols, o'er the Lawn,
The shepherds now salute the dawn,
As they unpen the fold:
See, how the wantons skip and bound,
And frolic o'er the daisy'd ground,
Enlargement to behold.

The milk-maid next, with nimble speed,
 Trips, blithsome, o'er the verdant mead,
 And sings a rural tale:
 The herd, well pleas'd, come lowing round;
 While whistling plow-men break the ground,
 Within the fallow vale.

Bright Celia quits her downy bed,
 By tender pleasing passions led,
 To wander in the grove;
 She seeks the grot, where once the swain
 Implor'd for pity, spoke his pain,
 And gain'd her plighted Love.

"How chang'd is ev'ry scene, she cries?
 "In vain, O Sol, you glorious rise,
 "And all your pride display!
 "Unheeded sing the tuneful choir:
 "Nor they, nor you, can joy inspire,
 "While Damon is away."

SONG 292. Winter. By a Lady.

OF verdure stripp'd, the russet plain
 Declares to all stern winter's reign,
 The trees their leafy shades resign;
 And languid nature seems to pine:
 Bleak winds from every quarter blow,
 The vales are overspread with snow;
 The streams are froze, and cease to run;
 No genial heat affords the sun.
 The feather'd songsters of the grove,
 That us'd to tune our souls to love;
 Now cease those notes which charm'd the ear,
 They cloke their wings, and disappear.

The forests abroad no longer roam,
 But seek a safe retreat at home ;
 From storms secure, good cheer supplies
 That warmth the shaded sun denies.

S O N G 293.

WAS Nancy but a rural maid,
 And I her only swain,
 To tend our flocks on flow'ry mead,
 And on the verdant plain ;
 Oh ! how I'd pipe upon my reed,
 To please the lovely maid !
 While from all sense of care we're freed
 Beneath an oaken shade,
 Beneath, &c.

When lambkins under hedges bleat,
 And rain seems in the sky ;
 Then to our oaken safe retreat
 We'd both together hie ;
 There I'd repeat my vows of love
 Unto the charming fair ;
 Whilst her dear flutt'ring heart should prove,
 Her love like mine, sincere.
 Her love, &c.

When Phœbus bright sinks in the west,
 And flocks are pent in fold,
 Beneath our oaken tree we'd rest,
 In joys not to be told ;
 Then when Aurora's beams set free
 The next enliv'ning day,
 We'd turn our flocks at liberty,
 Then down we'd sit and play,
 Then down, &c.

Let

Let others fancy courtly joys,
 I'd live in rural ease :
 Their grandeur, and their pride and noise,
 Cou'd ne'er my fancy please.
 In Nancy ev'ry joy combines,
 With grace and blooming youth ;
 In her with lucid brightness shines
 Love, constancy, and truth,
 Love, constancy, &c.

S O N G 294.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose ?
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed ?
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 Nor daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
 Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,
 Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.
 The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The black-bird, and sweet-cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring ;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.
 How does my love pass the long day ?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep ?

Tweed's

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest ;
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with hers may compare ;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer ! where do thy flocks stray ?
 Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed :
 Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

S O N G 295.

TO hug yourself in perfect ease,
 What would you wish for more than these ?
 A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
 Well shaded from the summer's heat ;
 A little parlour stove to hold
 A constant fire from winter's cold,
 Where you may sit, and drink, and sing,
 Far off from court, God save the King.
 Safe from the harpies of the law,
 From party-rage, and great man's paw ;
 Have a few choice friends of your own taste,
 A wise agreeable and chaste.
 An open, but yet curious mind,
 Where guilty cares no entrance find ;
 Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite ;
 To break the sabbath of the night.

Plain

Plain equipage, and temp'rate meals,
 Few taylors, and no doctor's blis :
 Content to take, as heaven shall please,
 A longer or a shorter lease.

S O N G 297.

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,
 Young Jockey won my heart ;
 A blyther loon you ne'er did see,
 All beauty without art :
 His soothing tongue did soon prevail
 To gain my fond relief ;
 But now the swain roves o'er the plain,
 And leaves me full of grief.

Young Jem my courts with artful song,
 But few regards his moan ;
 The lasses about Jockey throng,
 And Jemmy's left alone :
 In Aberdeen sure ne'er was seen
 A loon that gave such pain ;
 He daily woes, and still pursues,
 Till he does all obtain.

But soon as he has gain'd the bliss,
 Away the loon doth run,
 And hardly will afford a kiss
 To silly me undone :
 Bonny Molly, Moggy, Dolly,
 Avoid my roving swain ;
 His wily tongue be sure you shun,
 Or you, like me, will be undone.

SONG

S O N G 298.

COLLIN, one day, in angry mood,
 Because Myrtilla, whom he lov'd,
 Laugh'd at his flame, and mock'd his sighs,
 Thus fervently to Jove applies :
 O Jove ! thou sov'reign God above,
 Who know'st the pains of slighted love,
 Hear a poor mortal's pray'r, and take
 All the whole sex for pity's sake,
 And then we men might live at ease,
 Secure of happiness and peace.

Jove kindly heard, he pray'd not twice,
 And took the women in a trice :
 When Collin saw the coast was clear,
 For not a single girl was here,
 Reflecting with himself, 'twas kind,
 Says he, to gratify my mind ;
 But now my passion's o'er, O Jove !
 Give me Myrtilla back, my love :
 Let me on earth with her be blest,
 And keep in heav'n all the rest.

S O N G 299.

THOU rising sun, whose gladsome ray
 Invites my fair to rural play,
 Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
 And bring my Orra to my eyes.
 Oh ! were I sure my dear to view,
 I'd climb the pine tree's topmost bough,
 Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
 And round and round for ever gaze.

My

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
 What woods conceal my sleeping maid
 Up by the roots enrag'd I'll tear
 The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

Oh! could I ride on clouds and skies,
 Or on the raven's pinions rise!
 Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
 And wait a lover on his way.

My bliss too long my bride denies,
 Apace the wasting summer flies;
 Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
 Not storms or nights shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
 Oh! love has stronger fetters far:
 By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
 But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast:
 When thoughts torment, the first are best:
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay;
 Away to Orra, haste away.

S O N G 300.

TO keep my gentle Jesse,
 What labour would seem hard,
 Each toilsome task how easy,
 Her love the sweet reward.
 The bee thus uncomplaining,
 Esteems no toil severe:
 The sweet reward obtaining,
 Of honey all the year.

S O N G

SONG 301. *Sung by Mrs. Vincent.*

FOR now the snowdrops lift their heads,
 Cowslips rise from golden beds,
 Silver-lillies paint the grove,
 Welcome May and welcome love.

Now welcome May and welcome love.

Now the bee on silver wings
 Flowery spoils unwearied brings,
 Spoils that nymphs and swains approve,
 Soft as May and sweet as love.

Whilst a-down the sloping hill
 Trickles soft the purling rill,
 Balmy scents perfume the grove,
 May unbends the soul to love.

Long the clay-cold maid denies,
 Nor regards her shepherds sighs,
 Now your fond petitions move,
 May's the season form'd for love.

On the fair that deck our isle,
 Let each grace and virtue smile,
 And our happy shepherds prove,
 Days of ease and nights of love.

SONG 302. *Sung by Mr. Lowe.*

THE flame of love sincere I felt,
 And screen'd the passion long;
 A tyrant in my soul it dwelt,
 But fear suppress my tongue:
 At length I told the dearest maid,
 My heart was fix'd upon her;
 But think not I can love, she said,
 Not I, upon my honour.
 Not I, upon my honour.

B b

The

The heart that once is roving caught,
 The prudent nymphs distrust;
 And must it for a youthful fault,
 Be ever deemed unjust:
 So Celia judg'd, so sense decreed,
 And bade me still to shun her;
 Your suit, she said, won't here succeed,
 It won't, upon my honour.
 Too long, I cry'd, I've been to blame,
 I with a sigh confess;
 But thou, who can'st the rake reclaim,
 May new-born passion bless;
 Had e'er a nymph like Celia prov'd,
 I could not have undone her;
 On thee, bright maid, thou best belov'd,
 I doat, upon my honour.
 Awhile the fair my suit repress,
 My constancy to prove;
 Then with a blush consent express'd,
 And blest me with her love:
 To church I led the blooming fair,
 Enraptur'd that I'd won her;
 And now life's sweetest joys we share,
 We do, upon my honour.

SONG 303.

On the dawn of the success of our arms.

HAil England! old England, for glory re-
 nown'd,
 In arms as in arts so transcendently crown'd.
 'Tis thine strict to honour no treaties to break;
 'Tis thine to revenge when that honour's at stake;
 Then

Then now rise ye brave ! draw the sword, point
the lance,
And bid the bold cannon roll thunder to France,
And bid the bold cannon roll thunder to France;
Huzza, huzza, Oh! ye Britons to conquest pursue,
The trumpet of vict'ry's uplifted for you.

Hark, truth speaks, already our heroes prevail,
The rous'd English lion makes Gallia turn pale :
Thy cunning, O France, it's own Fate will decree,
Success, lo, dawns on us by land and by sea ;
And wide o'er the main shall the British flag fly,
To force that submission which pride wou'd deny.
Huzza, &c.

Britannia rejoices your ardour to see,
My sons, fight, she cries, 'tis for freedom and me ;
Tho' Gallic ambition, alliance explore,
You'll conquer them now, whom you've conquer'd
before :
And triumph, these truths, to all nations shall sing,
The ocean is George's, and George is your king.
Huzza, &c.

S O N G 304.

The Sailor's Return from Cape Breton.
Sung by Mr. Kear at Marybone Gardens.

STand round, my brave boys, let us sing and
rejoice,
We dread neither dangers nor scars ;
Cape Breton's our own as sure as a gun,
And Boscawen's the bravest of tars.

B b 2

While

While the sea ran so high we could hardly get nigh,
 And the surf made a terrible roar;
 We determin'd to land, tho' oppos'd from the
 strand,
 And we boldly went bump upon shore.
 Soon their light-house we took, and their colours
 we struck,
 And our red English cross on it heighten'd;
 From their batteries they run, British vengeance
 to shun,
 For the monfieurs were damnably frighten'd.
Sacra Dieu! they roar'd out, we're all ruin'd, no
 doubt,
 Not a saint wou'd afford them relief;
 And how should soup meagre enable a bougre
 To fight like the sons of roast beef.
 Their ships of the line strove to balk our design,
 But into the harbour we row'd;
 We damn'd their hot matches, soon clap'd down
 their hatches,
 Burnt one and out t'other we tow'd.
 Then the governor sent, to surrender content,
 To save from destruction the town;
 What he ask'd us we granted, we had what we
 wanted,
 And Louisbourg all was our own.
 I never cou'd laugh at a show so by half,
 As to see their lank soldiers and sailors;
 By Jove, my friend Will, I thought then, and
 think still,
 They were nothing but journeymen taylors.

Such

Such glorious success, all our wrongs must redress,
And the French on their marrowbones bring,
Now let's have a dance, with your partners advance.

And so God bless great George our good king.

SONG 305. *Sung by Mr. Lowe.*

Young Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill,
And whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy does fill,

Of beauty is bless'd with so ample a share,
That men call her the lass with the delicate air.

One ev'ning, last May, as I travers'd the grove,
In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love,
I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declare,
And really, she'd got a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, on a green mossy bed,
A chaplet composing, the fair one was laid;
Surpriz'd and transported, I cou'd not forbear,
With raptures to gaze on her delicate air.

For that moment young Cupid selected a dart,
And pierc'd, without pity, my innocent heart;
And from thence, how to gain the dear maid was
my care,

For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When she saw me she blush'd, and complain'd I
was rude,

And begg'd, of all things, that I wou'd not intrude;
I answer'd, I cou'd not tell how I came there,
But laid all the blame on her delicate air.

Said her heart was the prize which I fought to
obtain,

And hop'd that she'd give it to ease my fond pain;
She neither rejected, nor granted my pray'r,
But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times since I've repeated my suit,
But still the tormenter affects to be mute;
Then tell me, ye swains, who have conquer'd
the fair,

How to win the dear lass with the delicate air.

SONG 306. CHLOE'S *Lap-Dog*.

I Vow I'll scream out, don't think I feign,
Said Chloe to her favourite swain,
As something rude he grew,
As something rude he grew.

Nay fye, dear me, why there, then there,
Now you are pleas'd, your mad, I swear,
Sit down, you Devil, do,
Sit down, you Devil, do.

Are these your tricks, that hand, Sir, pray,
I beg you'll take that Hand away,
Or I'll pinch you black and blue;

Before mamma you look so grave,
But now I find how you'd behave.

Sit down, you Devil, do.

Poor Veny saw the unequal fight,
And bark'd for help with all her might,
To her fair mistress true:

'Till Chloe quite o'erpow'r'd and weak,
Cry'd, with scarce strength enough to speak,
Lye down, you Devil, do.

S O N G.

SONG 307. *Sung by Mr. Lowe.*

DOES the languid soul complain,
 Virtuous love shall chase the pain ?
 Or if love wou'd truth attend,
 Honour shou'd be virtue's friend.
 Honour shou'd be, &c.

Glory is not half so fais,
 As bright virtue's rising star ;
 Female truth, with sense combin'd,
 Wins and claims the gen'rous mind.
 Wins and claims, &c.

SONG 308.

THE eye that beams with lambent fire,
 The crimson cheek that glads the sight,
 The shape, the mien, the air :
The shape, the mien, the air :
 With these, to sooth man's ruder breast,
 With these, to be by blessing blest,
 The Gods adorn the fair.
The Gods adorn the fair.

Hence each poetic genius sings,
 Sweet beauty tunes th' embosom'd strings,
 And wakes th' enraptur'd soul :
 The magic pow'r of form and face,
 Ordain'd the gentler sex to grace,
 Resounds from pole to pole.

But shall not charms so honour'd last ?
 No ; soon as youth's short summer's past,
 They're

'They're veil'd in Time's disguise :
 Thus blushing Flora's darling flow'r,
 That scents the aromatic bow'r,
 Buds, burls to bloom, and dies.

Then, ah! how vain is female pride!
 Shall she that's crown'd with sense confide
 In such uncertain pow'r?

No; she reveres the milder way,
 Reserv'd tho' free, tho' modest gay,
 And blooms to life's last hour.

Do thou, my fair one, in whose mind
 Each social uterai virtue's join'd,

The nymph of sense appear;
 Then, when the charms of youth are o'er,
 The wise will CeJa still adore,
 Thou'lt still be lovely here.

SONG 309. *My Peggy if thou die.*

Sung by Mr. Lowe at Marybone Gardens.

Love never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fix'd on thee;
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My Peggy if thou die.

Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
 Thy love's so true to me;
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My Peggy if thou die.

2.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How lonely shall I stray;
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs the silent day;

I ne'er

I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see :
 Then I'll renounce all womankind,
 My Peggy after thee.

3.

No new blown beauty fires my heart,
 With Cupid's raving rage ;
 But thine which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage ;
 'Twas these that like the morning sun,
 Gave joy and life to me ;
 And when ~~its~~ destin'd day is done,
 With Peggy let me die.

4.

Ye pow'rs that smile on virt'ous love,
 And in such pleasure share ;
 You who the faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair,
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me ;
 Oh ! never rob them from these arms,
 I'm lost if Peggy die.

SONG 310. *The Fairing.*

Sung by Miss STEVENSON at Vaux-Hall.

AS I went o'er a meadow, no matter the day,
 A shepherd I met who came tripping that way ;

I was going to fair all so bonny and gay.
 He ask'd me to let him to go with me there.
 No harm shall come to you, young damsel, I swear,
 I'll buy you a fairing to put in your hair.
 I'll buy you a fairing to put in your hair.

You've a great way to go, it is more than a mile,
 We'll rest, if you please, when we come to yon stile,
 I've a story to tell, that will charm you the while.
 To go with him farther, I did not much care,
 But still I went on, tho' suspecting a snare,
 But I dream'd of a fairing to come from the fair.

To make me more easy, he said all he cou'd,
 I threatn'd to leave him, unless he'd be good,
 For I'd not for the world he shou'd dare to be rude;
 Young Roger had promis'd, and baulk'd me last
 year,

If he should do so now, I wou'd go no more there,
 Tho' I long'd e'er so much for a gift from the fair.

When we got to the stile, he wou'd scarce be said no,
 He prest my soft lips, as if there he would grow;
 Take care how that way with the shepherd you go.
 Confounded I ran, when I found out his snare,
 No ribband I cry'd from such hands will I wear,
 Nor go, while I live, for a gift to the fair.

SONG 311. *Sung by Miss Stevenson.*

ALL attendants apart,
 I examin'd my heart,
 Last night when I laid me to rest;
 And methinks I'm inclin'd
 To a change of my mind:
 For you know second thoughts are the best.
 For you, &c.
 To retire from the crowd,
 And make ourselves good,

By

By avoiding of ev'ry temptation,
Is in truth to reveal,
What we'd better conceal,
That our passions want some regulation.

It will much more redound
To our praise to be found,
In a world so abounding with evil,
Unspotted and pure,
'Tho' not so demure ;
And to wage open war with the devil.

In bidding farewell
To the thoughts of a cell,
I'll prepare for a militant life ;
And if brought to distress,
Why then — I'll confess,
And do penance in shape of a wife.

SONG 312. *Sung by Miss Stevenson.*

WHEN tutor'd under mamma's care,
Such charms I did inherit ;
She gave strict charge that none should dare
To curb my growing spirit :
My neck and bosom ne'er were hid,
Romances ever reading ;
To hold up my head I then was bid,
That I might shew my breeding.
That I, &c.

By turns I play'd the flirt and prude,
Affected joy and sorrow ;
And what to-day was monstrous rude,
I thought polite to-morrow.

By dukes and earls I was address'd,
 Each fop of sure succeeding ;
 Of ev'ry one I made a jest,
 That I might shew my breeding.

Young Damon too confess'd a flame,
 And rivals I had many ;
 But tho' I us'd him just the same,
 I lik'd him best of any ;
 With tears and sighs he often swore
 For me his heart was bleeding ;
 I only plagu'd him still the more,
 That I might shew my breeding.

Enrag'd he vow'd to break his chain,
 And fly to smiling Kitty ;
 I cou'd not bear to meet disdain
 For one not half so pretty ;
 With gentler words I bade him stay,
 For pardon fell to pleading :
 We went to church, and from that day,
 I shew'd him better breeding.

S O N G 313. *By Miss Stevenson.*

WHERE'S my swain, so blythe and clever,
 Why d'ye leave me all in sorrow ?
 Three whole days are gone for ever,
 Since you said you'd come to-morrow ;
 If you lov'd but half as I do,
 You'd be here with looks so bonny ;
 Love has flying wings, I well know,
 Not for ling'ring, lazy Johnny,
 Love has, &c,

What

What can he be now a doing,
 Is he with the lasses a maying ?
 He had better here be wooing,
 Than with others fondly playing,
 Tell me truly where he's roving,
 That I may no longer sorrow ;
 If he's weary grown of loving,
 Let him tell me so to-morrow.
 Does some fav'rite rival hide thee ?
 Let her be the happy creature ;
 I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
 Nor dispute with her a feature .
 But I can't, and will not tarry,
 Nor will kill myself with sorrow,
 I may lose the time to marry,
 If I wait beyond to-morrow.
 Think not shepherd thus to brave me,
 If I'm yours, away no longer,
 If you won't, another'll have me,
 I may cool, but not grow fonder.
 If your lover's, girls, forsake ye
 Whine not in despair and sorrow,
 Bless'd another lad may make ye,
 Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

S O N G 314. *Sung by Miss Stevenson.*

BRIGHT sol at length by Thetis woo'd,
 Is sunk beneath the western flood ;
 And now within yon sacred grove,
 I haste to meet the youth I love,
 Reclin'd beneath the beachen shade,
 While zephyrs whisper round his head,

Methinks I hear him fighting say,
Come lovely Stella, haste away,
Come lovely, &c.

I come, my Damon, fraught with joy,
Swift as the mountain deer I fly ;
Within thy faithful arms to lay,
And love the cares of life away,
There will I vow, dear gen'rous youth,
To love thee with eternal truth ;
Firm as great heav'n's unchang'd decree,
To keep my spotless heart for thee.

By that fond heart, the truest, best,
That ever warm'd a virgin breast ;
By that fond heart dear youth, I swear,
Thou, only thou, art treasur'd there,
There shalt thou ever, dearest swain,
My bosom's faithful inmate reign ;
While oft I'll say, what all must see,
Was ever woman blest like me.

SONG 315. *By Mr. Beard, at Ranelagh.*

SWEET contentment, heavenly bright,
Worshipp'd thro' the realms of light,
Worshipp'd, &c.

Void of thee, what's wealth or pow'r,
But the pageant's of an hour.

Pride ne'er tastes thy soft repose,
Pomp and grandeur are thy foes ;
Yet within thy moss-grown cell,
Thou with poverty canst dwell.

Yet within, &c.

See

See yon humble swains advance,
 Beat the ground in jocund dance,
 Hark the merry milk-maids sing,
 All beneath thy gladsome wing:
 Wide beams for th' eternal ray,
 All who wou'd be happy may.
 And howe'er we change the name,
 Virtue and content's the same.

SONG 316. *Sung by Miss Forman*

THAT Stella quits the wint'ry plain,
 Forbear fond youth to mourn;
 The leafless tree will bloom again,
 And smile at spring's return.
 Can duty justify a choice,
 Her duteous choice approve:
 And let at last her parting voice
 Still seem the voice of love.
 By absence, bliss a while delay'd,
 With brighter flames will burn;
 As Sol to distant climes convey'd,
 More welcomes his return.
 Hence let no fear your breast invade,
 By hope each hour improve,
 Be constant to the vows you've made,
 Then doubt not Stella's love.

SONG 317. *The Year FIFTY-NINE.*

COME, all ye brave Britons, let no one com-
 plain,
 Britannia, Britannia! once more rules the main,
 With bumpers o'erflowing we'll jovially join,
 And tell the high deeds of the year fifty-nine.

The negroes of Senegal know how we fought,
And the monsieurs of India what wonders were
wrought ;

But Minden, O Britons, that glory was thine,
There France learn'd a dance in the year fifty-nine.

De la Clue, with his Squadron so nimble and tight,
On meeting Boscawen, like a Frenchman, took
fright ;

But running too fast on some mighty design,
He lost both his legs in the year fifty-nine.

When Montcalm in Canada drew forth his men,
(Secure in his numbers) to fight on the plain,
With true British spirit we broke ev'ry line,
'And conquer'd Quebec in the year fifty-nine.

Niagara, Crown-Point, Ticonderago too,
What cannot bold Britons with courage subdue ?
Such conquests, so noble, so great, and so fine,
Must add to the glory of the year fifty-nine.

Whilst Rodney and Hawke watch'd the flat-bo-
tom'd boats,

'At Paris Belleisle cut poor Englishmen's throats ;
There Louis, with Pompa, drank Burgundy wine,
To drown in oblivion the year fifty-nine.

At last, like a thief, bully Conflans stole out,
Believe you, a Frenchman surprizingly stout ;
The best man got foremost to lead off their line,
As none lik'd to fight in the year fifty-nine.

But, soon overtaken with troubles so dire,
That, spite of Conflans, set the great Sun on fire,
Hawke burnt 'em, and sunk 'em, and 'twas mighty
fine.

To see how they ran in the year fifty-nine.

Bless King GEORGE then, kind Heav'n, we ar-
dently crave,
Him Britons united with courage will serve;
We will shew the whole world, no period of time,
Can e'er be compar'd to the year fifty-nine.

SONG 318. *Sung by Miss Formantell.*

THE sun his gladsome beams withdrawn,

The hills all white with snow,

Leave me dejected and forlorn,

Who can describe my woe;

But not the sun's warm beams could cheer,

Nor hills tho' e'er so green,

Unless my Damon should appear,

To beautify the scene.

The frozen brooks and pathless vales,

Disjoin my love and me,

The pining bird his fate bewails,

On yonder leafless tree,

But what to me is lands or brooks,

Or any joy that's near,

How sad the lute, and dull the books;

While Damon is not here.

Each moment from my dear away,

Is a long age of pain,

Fly swift ye hours, be calm the day,

That brings my love again:

O haste and bring him to my arms,

Nor let us ever part,

My breast shall beat no more alarms,

When I secure his heart.

SONG 319. *Sung by Miss Formantel.*

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;
 How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
 This source of content is so rare to be found:
 O friendship! thou balm, and rich sweet'ner of life,
 Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife,
 Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r.
 But empty delusions, the joy of an hour;
 But empty, &c.

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
 On whom we can always, and safely depend;
 Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
 And griefs when divided, are hush'd into peace:
 When fortune is smiling, what crouds will appear
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere:
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
 No longer to court you, they eagerly press.

SONG 320. *Sung by Miss Formantel.*

BOAST not, mistaken swain, thy art
 To please my partial eyes;
 The charms that have subdu'd my heart,
 Another may despise. The charms, &c.

Thy face is to my humour made,
 Another it may fright;
 Perhaps by some fond whim betray'd,
 In oddness I delight.

Vain youth, to your confusion know,
 'Tis to my love's excess,
 You all your fancied beauties owe,
 Which fade as that grows less, For

For your own sake, if not for mine.

You should preserve my fire,
Since you, my swain, no more will shine,
When I no more admire.

By me indeed you are allow'd,
The wonder of your kind ;
But be not of my judgment proud,
Whom love has render'd blind.

SONG 321. *Sung by Miss Formantel.*

AS o'er Asteria's fields I rove,
The blissful seat of peace and love ;
Ten thousand beauties round me rise,
And mingle pleasure with surprize,
And mingle, &c.

By nature blest in every part,
Adorn'd with every grace of art ;
This rising scene of blooming joys,
Each raptur'd sense at once employs.

But when I view the radiant queen,
Who form'd this fair enchanting scene,
Pardon, ye grotts, ye crystal floods,
Ye breathing flow'rs, ye shady woods.

Your coolness now no more invites,
No more your murmur'ing stream delights ;
Your sweets decay, your verdure's flown,
My soul's intent on her alone,

SONG 322. *Sung by Miss Formantel.*

WHILE, Strephon, thus you teize me,
To say what won my heart,
It cannot sure be treason,
If I the truth impart.

'Twas not your smile, tho' charming,
 'Twas not your eyes, tho' bright ;
 'Twas not your bloom, tho' warming,
 Nor beauty's dazling light.

'Twas not your dress, tho' shining,
 Nor shape, that made me sigh,

'Twas not your tongue combining,
 For that I know might lie.

No, 'twas your gen'rous nature,
 Bold, soft, sincere and gay ;

It shone in every feature,
 And stole my heart away.

S O N G 323. *Jockey and Mary.*

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And flowers were fair to see ;

When Mary was compleat fifteen,

And love laugh'd in her eye,

Blyth Jockey's looks her heart did move,

To speak her mind this free ;

Gang down the burn, my gentle love,

And soon I'll follow thee,

Now Jockey did each lad surpass,

That dwelt on this burnside ;

And Mary was a bonny lass,

Just meet to be a bride :

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,

Her eyes were azure blue ;

Her looks were like Aurora bright,

Her lips like dropping dew.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,

And nothing sure unmeet ;

For ganging hame, I heard them say,

They lik'd a walk so sweet ;

His

His cheek to hers he fondly laid,
 She cry'd; sweet love be true;
 And when a wife, as now a maid,
 To death I'll follow you.

SONG 324. The Beau and the Wit.

STrephon, who try'd with ev'ry grace,
 His person to adorn;
 Thought by the beauty of his face,
 In Sylvia's heart to find a place,
 And wonder'd at her scorn.
 And wonder'd, &c.

With bows and smiles he did his part;
 But Oh! 'twas all in vain;
 A youth less fine, a youth of art,
 Had talk'd himself into her heart,
 And wou'd not out again.

While Strephon all in new fashion dress'd,
 And urg'd her to admire;
 His love alone the other press'd,
 Dear nature kindly did the rest,
 And mov'd her soft desire.

This found, his courtship Strephon ends,
 Or makes it to his glass,
 There in himself now seeks amends,
 Convinc'd that where a wit pretends,
 A beau is but an ass.

SONG 325. Nothing new.

YOU may talk as you will of new modes and
 fashions,
 Which whimsical fancies have ever in view;
 You may laugh at new follies and rail at new passions
 But look all around you, and nothing is new.

That virgins are whimsical, fickle and coy,
 Affecting to shun what they fondly pursue ;
 Coqueting, yet fighting for conjugal joy :
 Confess, O ye lovers ! is this folly new ?
 That ladies are rakes, and turn gamesters, that's
 worse,
 And have nought but intrigue and diversion in
 view ;
 With loss of their virtue, redeeming their purse,
 Is a nation's disgrace, and I wish it were new.
 That Frenchmen are robbers and bravo's in war ;
 But drub'd into manners, their insolence rue ;
 That they skulk into holes from the brave English
 tar,
 And lower their topsails, is not at all new.
 That the hero of Prussia victoriously flies
 From conquest to conquest, o'er thousands, with
 few ;
 That Vienna is faithless to all her allies,
 Let England proclaim, who has prov'd it not new.
 Let Britons unite, and be wise as they're brave,
 And bid to contention and faction adieu ;
 Then glory shall crown them, as lords of the wave,
 And their conquests of old, be surpass'd by the
 new.

S O N G 326. A Touch on the Times.

COME listen and laugh at the times,
 Since folly was never so ripe ;
 For every man laughs at those rhimes,
 That gives his own follies a wipe,

We live in a kind of disguise,
 We flatter, we lie, and protest,
 While each of us craftily tries
 On others to fasten the jest.

The virgin, when first she is woo'd,
 Returns every sigh with disdain ;
 And while by her lover pursu'd,
 Can laugh at his folly and pain :
 But when from her innocence won,
 And doom'd for her virtue to mourn,
 When she feels herself lost and undone,
 He laughs at the fool in his turn.

The fools who at law do contend,
 Can laugh at each others distress ;
 And while the dire suit does depend,
 Ne'er think how their substance grows less;
 Till hamper'd by tedious expence,
 Altho' to compound they are loth,
 They'll find when restor'd to their sense,
 The lawyers sit laughing at both.

But while we perceive it the fashion
 For one fool to laugh at each other,
 Let us strive with a gen'rous compassion,
 To correct, not contemn, one another ;
 We all have some follies to hide,
 Which known wou'd dishonour the best,
 And life, when 'tis thoroughly try'd,
 Like friendship, will seem but a jest.

S O N G 327.

SINCE by stature we wed, and beauty is fleeting,
 To all pretty maidens these lines I send greeting:

I'm a man that would marry, won'd fortune but
find,

For riches I ask not, a girl to my mind.

Not the high courtly dame with assemblies and
drums,

Nor the pert demy-rep, with dissembling and hums ;

Nor the fool-making jilt, whom no promise can
bind,

Neither this, that, or t'other's, the girl to my mind.

Not the light-finger'd lass, who all the night spends
in play,

Nor the modish fine lady that sleeps all the day ;

Nor coquet that's too forward, nor prude that's
unkind,

Neither this, that, nor t'other's, the girl to my
mind.

Not the rich ancient maiden, ill natur'd as old,

Nor the bane of all pleasure, the meagre face
scold :

Nor the prostitute beauty, the scorn of mankind,

Neither, this, that, nor t'other's, the girl to my
mind,

But the lass who can love me with fervour and
truth,

With the fondness of age, and the spirit of youth ;

In whom sense and virtue with wit are combin'd,

Is the girl that I love, is the girl to my mind.

SONG 328. The English Padlock.

MISS Danae, when fair and young,

As Horace has divinely sung ;

Could not be kept from Jove's embraces

By doors of steel, and walls of brass



Tell us, myſterious husband, tell us,
 Why ſo myſterious, why ſo jealous ;
 Can haſh reſtraint, the bolt, the bar,
 Make thee ſecure, thy wife leſs fair.

Send her abroad, and let her ſee,
 That all this world of pageantry,
 Which ſhe, forbidden, longs to know,
 Is powder, pocket-glaſs, and beau.

Be to her virtues very kind,
 Be to her faults a little blind :
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
 And clap your padlock on her mind.

SONG 329. The Enquiry.

SWEET content ! from whence thy name,
 Grandeur, glory, wealth or fame ?

Can the ſun of pomp and ſtate
 Brighten through the gloom of fate.

Can the wreaths that heroes wear
 On the treaſures miſers ſhare ,

Can renown the poet's pay,
 Can theſe baniſh care away ?

Can, &c.

No, no, no, no.

When in life's giddy round,
 Where ſhall happineſs be found ?

This let nature's ſelf define,

'Tis in woman, 'tis in wine.

Beauty mingling with the bowl,
 Beauty, &c.

Sooths and chears, and crowns the ſoul ;

Theſe alone can life improve,

Friendſhip, woman, wine, and love.

D d

SONG

SONG 330. The Conquest.

ALL down in a valley, of nature the pride,
Dwelt Lycon the sage, with Thalestris his
bride ;

Contentment spread wide o'er the cottage her wing,
And fondness and peace were possessors within.
One daughter the proof of their passionate flame,
The joy of their life was, and Chloe her name ;
The bloom of sixteen bid her charms all arise,
And innocence beam'd from her soul thro' her eyes.

The rose from her cheek, learnt in blushes to bloom,
The flow'rets around, from her breath caught per-
fume ;

The meadows grew bright as she trip't it along,
And Chloe was hail'd in each little bird's song.
Such charms, such perfections, soon spread o'er
the plains,

The nymphs were all rival'd, and love-sick the
swains ;

At wake, or at maypole, in song or in tale,
The topic was still the dear lass of the vale.

Young Collin the rover, well vers'd in the trade,
Whose pride was to conquer each obdurate maid ;
Determin'd the laurel of triumph to wear,
And win, to his wish, the immoveable fair.

As aw'd by her charms all were bashful and shy,
Young Collin resolv'd other methods to try ;
With fopp'ry and flatt'ry so warm he address'd,
The nymph felt her heart pitapat in her breast.

His words were so sweet, and his vows so devout,
She found 'twas impossible long to hold out.

Tho'

Tho' prudence late brighten'd her mind with its ray,
 Yet pity or love, now gave Collin the day,
 The conquest obtain'd, from her arms he withdrew.
 Each youth that ador'd once, absconded her too ;
 Poor Chloe was doom'd from her glory to fall,
 And lost, by her kindness, the kindness of all.

SONG 331. *Sung by Miss Formantel.*

ONE midsummer morning, when nature look'd
 gay,

The birds full of song, and the flocks full of play.
 When earth seem'd to answer the smiles from above
 And all things proclaim'd it the season of love ;
 My mother cry'd Nancy, come haste to the mill,
 If the corn be not ground, you may scold, if you
 will.

The freedom to use my tongue, pleas'd me no
 doubt,

A woman, alas ! wou'd be nothing without ;
 I went tow'rd the mill without any delay,
 And cou'd o'er the words I determin'd to say ;
 But when I came near, I beheld it stock still,
 Bless my stars, I cry'd, now huff 'em rarely I will.

The miller to market that instant was gone,
 The work was all left to the care of his son ;
 Now tho' I can scold well as any one can,
 I thought 'twould be wrong for to scold the young
 man :

I said I'm surpriz'd you can use me so ill,
 Sir, I must have my corn ground, I must and I will.
 Sweet maid, cry'd the youth, the neglect is not mine.
 No corn in the town, I'd grind sooner than thine ;

There's no one more ready in pleasing the fair,
 The mill shall go merrily round I declare;
 But hark how the birds sing, and see how they
 bill,

Know I must have a kiss first, I must, and I will.

My corn being done, I tow'rd home bent my way,
 He whisper'd, he'd something of moment to say;
 Insisted to hand me along the green mead,
 And there swore he lov'd me, indeed and indeed;
 And that he'd be constant, and true to me still,
 So since that time I lik'd him, and like him I will.

I often say, mother, the miller I'll huff,
 She laughs, and cries go, girl, aye, plague him
 enough;

And scarce a day passes, but by her desire,
 I gain a sly kiss from the youth I admire;
 If wedlock he wishes, his wish I'll fulfil,
 And I'll answer, Oh! yes, with a hearty good-will.

SONG 332. I love you for that.

YOUNG Daphne made Damon a dupe to her
 pride,

He'd sigh, and he'd storm, and he'd sooth, and
 he'd chide:

I wonder the fair ones so cruel can be,
 Had I been a damsel, I'm sure he'd won me.
 But all her return to his am'rous chat
 Was, yes, to be sure, Oh! I love you for that.
 Was, &c.

He told her her eyes shon more bright than the day,
 And said such soft things as all soft lovers say:

That

That passion despis'd would to age turn his youth
 And that he shou'd die, which was certainly truth ;
 Yet tho' he still put in his pleadings so pat,
 'Twas yes, to be sure, Oh ! I love you for that.

Now finding his courtship was on a weak plan,
 He threw off the lover, and put on the man ;
 And while they both shelter'd one noon in the
 bower,

Swore boldly, by Jove, he'd be happy that hour ;
 She frown'd, and trait flying the place where
 they sat;

Cry'd yes, to be sure, Oh ! I love you for that.

But Damon soon clasp'd the nymph fast in his
 arms,

And swore that his flame shou'd be crown'd with
 her charms,

That joy to wound virtue, his heart was above.
 (How good we all grow, when we're temper'd in
 love ;)

He forc'd her to church gave her tit for her tat,
 And now there's no doubt, but she loves him for
 that.

SONG 333. *By Mr. Lowe at Vauxhall.*

DEAR Cloe, come give me sweet kisses,
 For sweeter no girl ever gave ;
 But why, in the midst of my blisses,
 Do you ask me how many I'd have ?

I'm not to be flinted in pleasure,
 Then prithee, dear Cloe be kind ;
 For since I love thee beyond measure,
 To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the flowers that enamel the fields,
 Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields ;
 Count how many stars are in heaven,
 Go number the sands on the shore,
 And when so many kisses you've given,
 I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee.
 A heart which, dear Cloe, is thine ;
 In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
 And twist round thy neck like a vine ;
 What joy can be greater than this is !
 My life on thy lips shall be spent,
 But the wretch who can number his kisses,
 Will always with few be content.

SONG 334.

ONE morning betimes, in the first week of
 May,

Along the green hedge-rows, I happen'd to stray,
 To gather sweet may-dew, to make me grow fair,
 To hear the birds sing, and to breath the fresh air.
 So artless and happy was Cloe.

These rural amusements were all I'd in view,
 Regardless of men, for their arts I ne'er knew ;
 But

But Favonius, the loveliest of all the gay train,
Came tuning his lute o'er his father's domain,
Yet happy and artless was Cloe.

He ask'd why so early abroad I was come,
And begg'd I'd allow him to wait on me home ;
Then told me he long had a friendship for me,
So pure and sincere he wish'd ne'er to be free ;
Then strange felt the heart of poor Cloe.

No laurels he crav'd, but to make me more kind,
For in peace, and in war---I run still in his mind--
What answer to all these fine things could I make ?
Then for him I would live, and I'd die for his sake ;
How chang'd was the heart of poor Cloe !

Oh no ! ye grave matrons, I did not say so,
Tho' I wish'd him to stay, yet I begg'd he wou'd
go :

His king and his country call'd him to their aid,
More fit for a soldier, than courting a maid ;
But pant went the heart of poor Cloe.

Soon after, one eve as we sat in the grove,
He told me he'd orders next day to remove ;
How painful is absence, O Cloe he cry'd,
Will you never be kind, must I still be deny'd ?
Let us love e'er we part, O my Cloe.

He press'd me t' accept of a ring of his hair :
'With a smile I receiv'd it, and promised to wear ;
How bless'd have you made me ! now, Cloe, I'll go.
As love is my shield I will force e'ry foe,
And bring home great treasure to Cloe.

I gave him my hand, for my heart he'd before,
That if e'er he returns, we'll be parted no more :
Amid

Assist me all ye that have felt Cupid's chain,
 To pray that Favonius may come safe again,
 To bless and be bless'd by his Cloe.

SONG 335. *Sung by Mr. Beard.*

DEAR Betty fair, whose daily care
 The cleanly dairy claim'd;
 By secret art my youthful heart
 With am'rous warmth inflam'd:
 But ah! her pride, my suit deny'd,
 And scorn'd my soft affection;
 In vain I strove to win her love,
 For she was contradiction.
 For she, &c.

Tho' dull or fine, each morn her kine,
 I sought around the mead:
 Her poultry too, I gave their due,
 And did her pigeons feed.
 I try'd all day each tender way,
 My love knew no restriction,
 Yet poor my care, to move the fair,
 She still was contradiction.

The purblind boy, whose sole employ,
 Is gentle hearts to pain,
 Now touch'd mine ear, "Fond youth forbear,
 "Thy courtship's all in vain:
 "Behold with tongue that's glibly hung,
 "Yet not with truth but fiction;
 "Tho' now she slight, you'll then delight,
 "And please by contradiction.

ALL

All in a trice this kind advice,
 From Cupid I pursu'd,
 And told the fair her haughty air,
 My passion had subdu'd ;
 This sudden change, she vow'd was strange,
 And sigh'd with self-conviction ;
 From church to bed, the maid I led,
 And charm'd by contradiction.

SONG 336. *Sung by Mr. Beard.*

GENTLE auth'ress of my pain,
 Cloe pride of ev'ry swain ;
 Be, my fair, no longer coy,
 Nature now is love and joy.
 Hark, the birds their sonnets tune,
 To salute the month of June.
 Hark, &c.

In the sun-shine of thine eye.
 Hard my fate to pant and sigh ;
 Tho' you kindly grant a kiss,
 'Tis but tantalizing bliss :
 Grant, my dear, the farther boon.
 Bless me in the month of June.

Now the God of day on high,
 Bright illuminates the sky ;
 Works in earth the genial pow'rs,
 Calling forth the fruits and flow'rs ;
 Goddesses melt to rapture soon,
 Love directs the month of June.

Let me lead the chaste and gay,
 Where pure fondness points the way ;

See the church o'er yonder plain,
 There wou'd Cloe crown her swain;
 Life would be one honey-moon,
 Ev'ry month the month of June.

SONG 337. DORUS and CLEORA.

CLEORA sat beneath a shade,
 Her wanton flocks forgot to play;
 Then listen to the lovely maid,
 While thus she mourns her shepherd's stay.
 Sure time and love are both asleep,
 Or Dorus wou'd his promise keep;
 Haste, gentle shepherd, hither move,
 And we'll awake both time and love.
 Sure, &c.

Dorus wing'd with swift desire,
 Came hast'ning o'er the neighb'ring plain;
 Approaching joys the maid inspire,
 And thus she meets her panting swain:
 Fly care and anguish far away,
 While happy pleasures pass this happy day;
 Let ev'ry shepherd joyful be,
 And ev'ry pair as blest as we.

SONG 338. The Maiden's Advice.

VAIN youth, thy flatt'ry give o'er,
 Thy latent arts I now explore,
 Detest your lawless flame;
 Detest, &c.
 Hence from my sight and virtue learn,
 The chase from prostitutes discern,
 Nor use them as the same,
 Nor, use, &c. You

You say an angel I appear,
 As one, why do you not revere,
 Seek not my ruin thus ;
 Britons their females should respect,
 From foreign insults them protect ;
 And they'd be blest'd by us.

You vow'd you had lov'd me more than life,
 But yet refus'd me for your wife,
 When I seem'd to comply ;
 Love is a pure and sacred fire,
 Yours but a sensual desire,
 Which you wou'd gratify.

This precept learn which I impart,
 Ne'er strive to gain a virgin's heart,
 Only to please your will ;
 Have nobler thoughts of the fair sex,
 Your actions let them ne'er perplex,
 For chaste are women still.

S O N G 333. *Sung by Mr. Lowe.*

THE western sky was purpled o'er
 With every pleasing ray,
 And flocks reviving felt no more
 The sultry heats of day.
 When from an hazle's artless bow'r,
 Soft warbled Strephon's tongue,
 He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
 While Nancy's praise he sung.
 When from, &c.

fops with fickle falsehood range;
 The paths of wanton love;
 While weeping maids lament their change,
 And sadden every grove.
 Endless blessings crown the day,
 I saw fair Esham's Dale,
 And every blessing find its way
 To Nupcy of the vale.

Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
 So taper, strait and fair;
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were.
 In the winding vale retir'd,
 This peerless bud I found;
 And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd
 To fence her beauties round.

What nature in so lone a dell
 Shou'd form a nymph so sweet!
 Her fortune to her secret cell
 Conduct my wand'ring feet!

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride;
 But she wou'd ne'er incline;
 Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,
 "As I will prove to mine."

'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow,
 Has won my right good-will;
 To him I gave my plighted vow,
 "With him I'll climb the hill."

Track with her charms and gentle truth,
 I shou'd the constant fair;
 I give my youth;
 My future care.

F I N I S.



